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Him who has climb'd to Wisdom's Height,
Such Objects equally delight
In Death, as have his Life employ'd
And will hereafter be enjoy'd.

Geo. Madgin 1794

EMBLEMS
AND
HIEROGLYPHICKS
ON A
GREAT VARIETY
OF
SUBJECTS,
MORAL and DIVINE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Intended for the Recreation and Improvement
of YOUTH, and the Encouragement of Vir-
tue and true Piety among CHRISTIANS.

The Doctrines and Duties of the Christian Religion
are here familiarly explained and illustrated, by
Figurative Representations; whereby the Mind
is enlarged, and the Attention engaged in Things
of the utmost Importance to the Well-being of
every Man.

Embellished with near an Hundred Emblema-
tical Cuts from QUARLES Emblems.

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, *Pater-noster-row*;
W. REEVE, *Fleet-street*; and C. SYMPSON,
Chancery-lane. MDCCLIII.

E M B L E M S

AND

HEROIC VIRTUES

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PREFACE.



ALTHO' there have been many excellent Pieces wrote, and many curious Devices invented for the Instruction and Amusement of young People; yet I don't know of any so well calculated to serve the Purpose both of Religion and Recreation at the same Time, as this of Emblems. It is a pretty Exercise for an active juvenile Genius, and the Mind is very agreeably employed in traversing and developing the typical Figures, and gradually habituated to a close and rational Way of thinking. This, however, is not the only Benefit that accrues from it; for the Principles of Religion, when conveyed in this Manner, make a stronger Impression on the Mind, than when inculcated by Precepts and a dry Induction of Arguments; as Example has a more forcible Effect than Doctrine barely taught and discuss'd; for what we hear and commit to the Memory, is too often thrust out by other intruding Objects; but what

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we see, fixes the Attention more, and is less liable to be obliterated than what we receive by the Ear.

IT was with this Intent, no Doubt, that the Method of instructing Children by Fables was invented; and from fictitious Adventures among Brutes, to deduce a Moral, which, as it might be easily apprehended by the weakest Capacity, it was supposed, would leave a lasting Impression on a young Mind. But from the Observations I have been able to make, I could never find that this Method of Instruction ever produced any good Effect. The Story of a Cock and a Bull, which the little Scholar sees pictured on one Side and reads on the other, may perhaps please his childish Fancy; yet, I will venture to affirm, does more Prejudice to the Mind than it conveys Instruction. This I am sensible will be treated as a strange and chimerical Assertion; since the Educators of Youth, in all Ages, have recommended Fable as the most proper Method of initiating Children into the first Rudiments of Learning and Virtue. But neither the Antiquity nor Universality of a Practice should prevail against Reason, if Reason is really against that Practice. My Reasons for differing from the received Opinion are these; how well founded, let the Reader judge.

IN the first Place, the Fable is a palpable Falshood, as a Child of the least Advances in Understanding, will easily discover. What's the Consequence? The Child, by continually reading and poring over these fictitious Stories, which he knows to be such, will be habituated to think but lightly of Truth itself; and as Truth is the very
Corner

Corner-Stone of Morality, if that is taken away in the Beginning, what other Foundation has the future Building to rest upon?

T H I S Objection, I know, will be answer'd by alledging the Moral annexed, by which the Intent and Meaning of the Fable is explained and enforced.

T O this I answer, that to one who reads a Fable in this Light, and considers and compares the Incidents of it with the moral Instruction subjoined, there are a thousand peruse it only for the odd Whimsies it contains, without receiving any instructive Lesson, whereby the Mind may be enlarged, or the Imagination furnished with any useful Ideas, which ought to be the End of every Part of Education, especially that which should be the Foundation of all the rest, the Love of Truth. Much more might be said on this Subject, but I am prevented by the Author of a Book lately published, entitled *PUERILIA*; in the Preface to which I find this Matter handled more at large than suits with my present Purpose.

N O W, the Method which we have pursued in these Emblems, answers all the Purposes of the Fable without any of its Inconveniencies. Both the one and the other is indeed a Disguise to conceal a latent Truth: But then here lies the Difference. In the Plan and Scheme of the Emblem, there appears no Absurdity to divert the Attention, in examining the Import of it the Mind is agreeably entertained, and as it gradually finds out the Resemblance, so a full Discovery of the Truth is its delightful Reward. Here is no Fiction to tickle

the Fancy, or divert the Mind to Objects with which it has no immediate Concern; for the Figures themselves naturally lead to an Enquiry into the Meaning of them, and that Meaning being once found, the Instruction intended is easily imbibed. But a Fable conveys no Ideas beyond the Incidents that arise from the View of it; for the Moral does not appear to the Mind directly on the Inspection of the Fable, and was it not subjoined, the Reader would only have an idle, ridiculous Story to amuse himself with, and which fills the tender Mind with incongruous Images, which have no Existence in Life or Nature. The Moral is seldom regarded, as being too grave and serious to be attended to, after the false Pleasantry, that results from the odd or comical Incidents in the Fable.

I MIGHT proceed much farther in these Reflections; but as I would not be thought too tedious in reasoning upon a Thing which carries its own Evidence, I shall now inform the Reader what Improvements I have made upon QUARLES's Emblems.

IT is about Six-score Years since Quarles first published his Book of Emblems; and consequently his Language must be obsolete, uncouth, and scarce intelligible, especially by those who are not versed in the Idioms of the Old English Phraseology; and it may be farther noted, that he is often too tedious, full of Repetitions and Circumlocutions, and frequently introduces Stories and Illustrations from the Heathen Mythology, quite foreign to the Nature of the Design, which is, to
recommend

recommend the Doctrines and Duties of the Christian Religion, by, as it were, living Examples and Representations taken from the visible Effects, and Operations of Nature, and the Actions of intelligent Beings.

I ONCE designed to have modernized his Language, and given it a Turn suited to the present Taste; but soon found, that such an Attempt would give me as much Trouble as to write a new Book; I therefore chose the latter, and the rather, that by this Means I should have an Opportunity of illustrating every Subject with such Reflections and Observations as would set every Emblem in a new Light. For which Purpose, instead of the Latin Motto under each Cut, I have given four Lines of English Verse, which contain a general Explanation of the Emblem. The Page facing the Cut I have divided into two Parts or Sections. The first consists of explanatory Observations, formed into little Odes or Hymns, most of which may be sung in the common Tunes of Psalmody. The second is the Moral, or Application of the Emblem to its proper Uses, and the particular Instruction it was intended to convey, which, to give it a more pleasant Air, appears in a Poetical Dress.

ALL the Moral and Christian Virtues are here exhibited to the Reader in real Characters, first expressed under the figurative Representation of an Emblem, and then illustrated and enforced by many useful Lessons and practical Observations. So that, at the same Time, the Fancy is amused, the Mind instructed, and the Duties required by the Christian Religion, are recommended from the Force of Reason, and the Importance of the Objects to which they are directed.

EMBLEM of the PROEM.
HEAVEN preferred to EARTH.



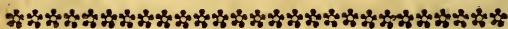
My Soul aspire to glorious Things ;
To Heaven stretch thy soaring Wings ;
Nothing on Earth deserves Regard ;
Above alone is thy Reward.

The P R O E M.

VAIN World avaunt ; I've had enough of thee ;
Odious thy lying Flatt'ries are to me,
Oft' have I try'd, as often been deceiv'd,
When I in thee a real Good believ'd.
What are thy Riches, but redoubled Cares ?
And what thy Honours, but deceitful Snares ?
Thy greenest Laurels fade upon the Brow,
And but a-while their glitt'ring Glories shew.
What are thy Pleasures, but delusive Toys,
Which pall his Appetite who most enjoys ?
The Sense too long on Reason has impos'd,
And Vanities too much my Heart engross'd.
Gay Dreams of Happiness in Things on Earth
Have drawn my Thoughts from more excelling
Worth.

The great Concerns of an immortal State,
Have scarce been worthy of a Thought's Debate.
A Round of Pleasures or of Business finds
Constant Employment for our anxious Minds.
Death and Eternity, those awful Things,
The Lot of Subjects, and the Dread of Kings,
From Time to Time we foolishly postpone,
Neglect To-day——To-morrow are undone.

Rouze then, my Soul, from this lethargic State,
This Instant rouze, or it may be too late.
How great thy Work ! and yet thy Time how short ?
Can'st thou be careless, and so near the Port ?
Heav'n and eternal Glories are in View,
And these to purified Souls are due.
Bestir thyself, and trim thy Lamp in Haste ;
The Bridegroom comes---thou hast no Time to waste.
Quickly, my Soul, thy earthly Cares dismiss,
For Angels wait to waft thee to their Bliss.



E M B L E M I.



Here we behold the Origin,
The Birth and Parentage of Sin ;
Between the Woman and the Devil
Were generated Sin and Evil.

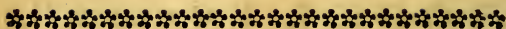
BOOK I. EMBLEM I.

EVE and the Serpent.

TH E guileful Serpent tempts our Mother *Eve*
With subtle Words, her Judgment to deceive.
Fair is the Fruit, my Lady, why so shy?
See how it smiles! how, pleasant to the Eye!
Its Virtues too all other Fruits excel,
And gives you Knowledge to a Miracle.
Reason it has bestow'd on me a Brute,
Gave my Tongue Language, which before was mute.
Taste, and you soon shall find much nobler Odds,
A Goddess you shall be among the Gods.
O no! said *Eve*, I durst not touch or taste,
Death was denounc'd on such a dire Repast.
Trust me, and nothing fear, the Brute reply'd;
You shall not die; I have already try'd.
She look'd again—'twas pleasing to the View—
She pluck'd and eat, and we her Folly rue.

The MORAL.

Hence we may learn the Devil has no Pow'r;
He tempts, indeed, but he can do no more.
If we comply, it is our proper Act,
His black Suggestions too we can reject.
When e'er he tempts us with delusive Wiles
Or our weak Hearts with gilded Baits beguiles,
Let us not parle—for there the Danger lies,
And he is safest who most swiftly flies.
If we resist, he, Coward-like, will run—
'Tis by our Will alone we are undone.
Let but right Reason take the Rein in Hand,
And ev'ry Passion be at her Command;
'To this call in th'Auxiliaries of Grace,
Satan may tempt, but shall not thee disgrace.



E M B L E M II.



*Adam, behold thy Apple now,
Pregnant with ev'ry human Woe ;
The Monsters soon will make their Way,
And all the World must be their Prey,*

E M B L E M II.

Sin's Progeny.

ADAM, behold what Ills thy Apple held,
With what a Brood of Monsters it was fill'd !
What horrid Faces labour for a Birth,
To plague Mankind, and overspread the Earth !
See furious Tempests rage along the Air,
And rattling Thunder over-head you hear.
The forked Lightnings flash from Pole to Pole,
Confound the Senses, and amaze the Soul.
The heavy Clouds now burst in gushing Rains,
The Rivers swell, and overflow the Plains.
Storms vex the beaten Ocean till it roars,
Its Billows rage, and dash upon the Shoars.
Across the Waves the shatter'd Vessel drives,
And scarce amidst surrounding Danger lives.
Water, and Earth, and Air, and Fire become
The Scourge of Man to aggravate his Doom.

The M O R A L.

From the first Sin, what Evils did proceed !
How have the Children ru'd their Parents Deed !
A hideous Train of Ills which first began
In *Adam*, handed down from Man to Man,
'The curs'd Inheritance to all entail'd,
All have enjoy'd, and is by all bewail'd.
How variously the Poison is diffus'd !
Glorious our Figure once, but how abus'd !
Malice and Envy, Lusts of ev'ry Kind,
Debase our Nature, and disgrace the Mind ;
Dreadful Diseases do the Body tare,
And Life itself is one continued Care.
'The dismal Scene no Pow'r but Death can close,
And the dark Grave is made our last Repose.



E M B L E M III.



Whoe'er a Bee-hive does molest,
 Altho' in Roguery or Jest,
 Great Chance but he will feel a Sting ;
 The sweetest Joys their Smart will bring.

E M B L E M III.

The End of Mirth is Heaviness.

TH E simple Boy for Honey seeks,
 And thrusts his Hand among the Bees ;
 Thoughtless the luscious Comb he breaks,
 His wanton Appetite to please.

The Bees, enrag'd to lose their Store,
 Arm their brown Legions for Defence ;
 In swarming Numbers forth they pour,
 To drive the bold Invader thence.

Instant they seize the foolish Boy,
 And with their Stings his Skin they pierce ;
 Where ends his Honey-sucking Joy
 In lamentable Cries and Tears.

The M O R A L.

How prone is Youth to satiate ev'ry Sense,
 And taste each Joy that Fancy recommends ?
 Love is the Field where he his Game pursues,
 Game, which when caught, he generally rues.
Cupid in Honey dips his keenest Dart,
 We taste the Sweetness and bewail the Smart.
 We press the luscious Comb our Gust to please,
 But soon are stung by the enraged Bees.
 From Scene to Scene the Youth for Pleasure roves,
 Seeks it in Brothels, or in lawless Loves.
 The painted Harlot with delusive Charms,
 Presses the eager Lover to her Arms ;
 In Raptures and extatic Joys he swims,
 Nor of the dreadful Consequences dreams ;
 'Till Health and Wealth, and Time, and Friends
 are gone,
 He finds himself a Wretch, forlorn, undone.

E M B L E M IV.



This World's so vain and full of Trouble,
That if it's ballanc'd with a Bubble,
The light-blown Film will weigh down all
The other's rich and mighty Ball.

E M B L E M IV.

The World lighter than a Bubble.

ANOTHER World put in, my Lad,
And more, if more there can be had,
And fill the widen'd Scale ;
Honours put in, and all the Store
The Great have got within their Pow'r,
Yet all will not avail.

Look on the other Scale, and there
You see a Bubble blown with Air,
What lighter Thing can be ?
Yet it weighs down the World and all
The precious Bawbles round its Ball,
And turns the Beam you see.

The M O R A L.

What mighty Comforts does this World afford
To Man, who boasts himself its sov'reign Lord ?
Short are his Days and transient are his Joys,
His Life's chief Pleasures, Vanity and Toys.
When first he breaks into the Light, he cries,
Bustles a while, and looks about, and dies.
Labour and Sorrow are his portion'd Lot,
Dies while he lives, and when he's dead forgot.
Yet is his Mind with vain Ambition puff'd,
Altho' his Glory's like a Candle snuff'd.
In vain Pursuits his precious Time he spends,
That Time which Heaven lent for wiser Ends.
Riches he boards, yet Riches never can
Lengthen his Life a Hair beyond its Span.
Light, airy Bubbles catch his wond'ring Eyes ;
With Folly pleas'd, ev'n when he thinks he's wise :
And when his Thread of Vanity is spun,
Death cuts it short, and all his Work is done.



E M B L E M V.



The World with various Face is seen,
As it is chang'd by Lust or Spleen ;
These are the Demons scourge it round,
And all its Happiness confound.

E M B L E M V.

Envy and Lust the Scourges of the World.

E N V Y and Lust are pictur'd here,
With Scourges armed both appear;
By them the World is lash'd and torn,
And made a Wilderness forlorn.

Envy has Whips of Serpents made,
And Snakes surround her horrid Head;
Ten thousand Evils she inflicts,
Which Wretched Man for ever vex.

Lust has a Scourge, a dreadful one!
By which the World is half undone;
It leads to ev'ry other Vice,
And Virtue murders in a trice.

It kills the Seeds by Honour sown,
Or blasts the Buds as soon as blown;
'Tis a sweet Poison that conveys
Ruin and Death to ev'ry Place.

The M O R A L.

When first the World in all its Glory shone,
E'er Sin was born, or Man was yet undone,
One universal Paradise was seen,
And Earth with Heav'n might justly claim a-Kin,
But when th'Offence its baneful Influence spread,
All Nature sicken'd, and its Beauty fled;
Disorder reign'd, where comely Order dwelt,
And Plagues and Sorrows by Mankind were felt;
Unruly Passions, variable as Wind,
With furious Storms disturb'd his peaceful Mind;
Envy, and Lust, and Malice rul'd the Roast,
And with his Innocence, his Virtues lost.
Now Pains, and Labour, and all Kinds of Ill
The clouded Circle of his Being fill.



E M B L E M VI.



The World, tho' turned upside down,
And in whatever Light it's shewn,
You'll find its Riches but a Dross,
And ev'ry Pleasure has its Cross.

E M B L E M VI.

All is Vanity ; but in the Cross Safety.

TH E Christian should the World disdain,
And rest upon the Cross ;
That is a Cure for ev'ry Pain,
And makes up ev'ry Loss.

Honours and Fame but last a-while ;
And Riches are but Dross ;
They threaten Danger when they smile ;
His Trust is in the Cross.

Be gone, ye Gewgaws of a Day,
No more my Soul engross ;
You shall not draw my Love away,
Now fixed on the Cross.

My Faith and Hope are anchor'd sure,
Which you no more shall toss ;
My heav'nly Treasure is secure,
Lock'd up within the Cross.

The M O R A L.

The pious Soul is often sore distress'd,
And spite and Malice never let him rest.
Scorn and Contempt, and Poverty he feels,
Frowns from the World, and all terrestrial Ills.
No Peace he knows, but what his Conscience gives,
Nor scarce a Pleasure from the World receives :
Yet who his Happiness can paralyze ?
Or what can equal his surpassing Joys ?
His Eyes are fixed on his Saviour's Cross,
'Tis the Delights of that his Soul engross.
Strengthen'd by that, he smiles upon his Foes,
Derides their Malice, Scoffs, and bruising Blows ;
Laughs at their Rage, and in his humble Cell,
Defies the Fury both of Earth and Hell.

E M B L E M VII.



Sinner, behold thy Danger here!
How can'st thou sleep, and Hell so near?
At thee grim Death has took his Aim---
Will nothing break thy pleasing Dream?

E M B L E M VII.

Danger in Security

AH wretched Christian ! canst thou doze
Over the gaping Mouth of Hell ?
How can thine Eyes together close,
Which Death eternal may unseal ?

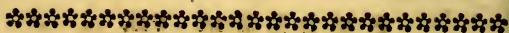
Hear thy good Angel kindly warn
Thee of the dreadful Danger near,
Remind thee of thy vast Concern,
That most of all deserves thy Care.

Death on his Bow has fix'd his Dart,
And aims directly at thy Head ;
This Instant from thy Slumber start
E're thy grand Foe shall strike thee dead.

Art thou still careless of thy Fate ?
Will not thy Danger make thee wise ?
Think what will be thy woful State,
In Hell when thou shalt ope thine Eyes.

The M O R A L

Who on a dreadful Precipice would sleep,
When by a Roll he tumbles down the Steep ?
Who on a Dragon's Den could rest secure,
Nor dread the Fierceness of the Monster's Pow'r ?
And yet behold how Millions of Mankind,
As stupid, and as miserably blind,
Laugh, sing, and dance around the horrid Pit,
With Wrath Divine and Plagues etern replete ;
Thousands they see each Moment falling in,
Yet unconcerned view the direful Scene ;
Careless and indolent, no Danger dread,
Tho' Death and Hell's in ev'ry Step they tread ;
Till the grim King of Terrors seals their Doom,
And Hell is made their everlasting Home.



E M B L E M VIII.



Weak, giddy, hairbrain'd Fools may laugh,
And Draughts of Pleasure madly quaff;
More Reason they will have to mourn,
When once the Tables on them turn.

E M B L E M VIII.

The Folly of Laughter

WHAT various Scenes around me rise,
 When I this wanton World survey ?
 New Objects start before my Eyes,
 Fashions and Whims and Vanities,
 Still pass successively away.

One frisks and sings with merry Brow,
 No Cares disturb his shallow Brain ;
 Now cast your Eyes but just below,
 Figures you see of weeping Woe,
 With all their melancholy Train.

Another laughs and jumps about ;
 Yet should you ask the Reason why ?
 All he will say——Don't put me out,
 ' You see I am a merry Trout,
 ' I'm not at Leisure now to cry.'

The MORAL.

What a mad World is this ?--Look round, behold
 What odd, fantastick Scenes themselves unfold.
 Here Wealth by some is eagerly pursu'd,
 As if it was the only, everlasting Good.
 Ambition there mows down ten thousand Lives,
 And wondrously by Blood and Slaughter thrives.
 Some vaunt their Pedigree and noble Birth,
 And yet no greater Scoundrels are on Earth.
 Some laugh to see how others play the Fool,
 Yet their own Names may read upon the Roll.
 Here Mirth and Joy in ev'ry Shape abound,
 And Noise and Riot merrily go round :
 Yet Death, they know, each Step they take, awaits,
 And may this Night steal thro' their barred Gates ;
 When, if he finds them unprepar'd, they know
 Their certain Doom is never ending Woe.



EMBLEM IX.



The World is always turning round,
No stable Footing on it's found ;
Time, with his Scythe and Hour-glass,
Shews us how swiftly all Things pass.

E M B L E M IX.

The World daily changing.

IF Time but give the World a Spurn,
 Round with the World we Wretches turn ;
 We have no stable Footing here,
 Our Fortune varies like the Year
 The Miser's tumbled to the Ground,
 And all his Money's scatter'd round ;
 Ev'n *Cupid* with his Quiver must
 Be rolled in the common Dust.

The World is daily changing Face,
 And Men are mown away like Grass ;
 But he that will not suffer Loss,
 Must fix his Hold upon the Cross.

The MORAL.

How fondly we the World's Delights embrace !
 How happy, if we are in Fortune's Grace !
 Her Smiles our chief Felicity we judge,
 And in her Favours all our Bliss we lodge.
 Fools that we are, when ev'ry Moment shews
 How oft her Fav'rites all her Favours lose.
 Short-liv'd and broken are the Joys we know,
 And all the Comforts we're indulg'd below ;
 If in this chequer'd Scene Delight we feel,
 Trouble and Grief are always at its Heel ;
 Successive Days successive Cares return,
 For Man to Troubles fatally is born.
 This World's a waste, uncultivated Field,
 And never can one solid Comfort yield.
 In Heav'n alone our Happiness we fix,
 Where, with our Joys, no Cares shall ever mix.



E M B L E M X.



Riches and Lusts at Bowling play,
Satan, their Friend, directs the Way;
Fortune holds up the Fool-cap Stake,
And bids the Winner bravely take.

E M B L E M X.

Fortune's Prize.

TWO eager Bowlers here are seen,
Cupid and *Mammon* on the Green,
 And *Satan* shews the Ground;
 To *Fortune* they direct their Eyes,
 Who holds aloft the glorious Prize,
 That shall the Victor crown.

The Prize a Fool's-cap is, the Toy
 For which their Time they thus employ,
 And ply with Might and Main;
 Such, *Fortune*, are thy Gifts to Men,
 And such as this thy gaming Scene,
 The Prize and Labour vain.

The M O R A L.

Pleasure and Profit set before our Eyes,
 We here behold, contending for a Prize.
Satan, officiously the Course directs,
 And wond'rous Friendship lovingly affects.
Fortune presides, and gives the gay Reward
 To both, as equal both their Casts appear'd;
 Each with a Fool's-cap properly is crown'd,
 The justest Recompence for Folly found.
 When we have cours'd the Chace of Pleasure thro',
 What do we more than ranging Folly know?
 When a vast Heap of Wealth we have amass'd,
 By Death we're seiz'd, and in his Prison cast.
 The Spendthrift Heir soon squanders all away
 With jilting Harlots, or destructive Play.
 Is not this Folly? Is it not a Jest?
 Who with such Gifts can truly say he's blest'd?



E M B L E M XI.



Luxurious Feeding is not good,
And Health is hurt for want of Food ;
O'er Nature hold an even Rein,
And well observe the Gold Mean.

E M B L E M XI.

True Happiness in the Mean only.

HERE in Extremes two Fools you see,
 Each lugging of a Breast ;
 The milky Stream comes fast and free,
 Yet neither of 'em's bless'd.

One swigs and gorges 'till he's full,
 Yet swigs and gorges on,
 Nor will his Appetite controul
 While but a Drop will run.

The t'other Fool is lank and lean,
 And does but barely live ;
 From luscious Food himself he'll wean,
 So milks into a Sieve.

The Horn of Plenty, plac'd above,
 All bounteous Nature shews ;
 Her Blessings we should take in Love,
 But not her Gifts abuse.

The M O R A L.

Folly, we see in two Extremes consists,
 And Wisdom in the Golden Mean exists.
 Pleasure, with an unbounded Rage pursu'd,
 Makes not for Health, nor for our Morals good.
 Nor from all Pleasures should we be debarr'd,
 That on the Faculties would press too hard.
 Of Humours gross the Glutton's Body's full,
 Heavy, unactive, is his stupid Soul.
 Nor too abstemious in your Living be,
 The Body should be nourish'd properly.
 With chearful Mind enjoy the present Good,
 For that's the End for which it is bestow'd.
 Be this thy constant Rule——Avoid Excess,
 Thus Health and Peace shall still thy Dwelling bless.



E M B L E M XII.



For Earth, how ardent is our Love !
 Tow'rds Heav'n how sluggishly we move !
 A Rein would check our furious Race ;
 A Spur would help us mend our Pace.

E M B L E M XII.

The Two Worlds.

TH E heav'nly World is plac'd on high,
Which all would willingly enjoy :
How do we wish we could possess
Its Pleasures and its Happiness ?

But tho' it is the bless'd Abode,
Slowly we move along the Road ;
A Snail, or the dull heavy Ass
Outstrip us in their quicker Pace.

The World below, which we must leave,
From which no Good we can receive,
With eager Speed we follow close,
Fearful we should one Pleasure lose.

LORD, when my Ass shall move too slow,
Lend me a Spur to make her go;
And if my Stag should run too fast,
Give me a Curb to stop his Haste.

The M O R A L.

Two diff'rent Worlds are offer'd to our Choice,
And one, or t'other, still our Mind employs.
But tho' immortal Joys are plac'd Above,
And should engage our Vigilance and Love ;
Slow and unactive is our warmest Zeal,
Lifeless and languid are the Hopes we feel ;
But when to Earth's vain Pumps we turn our Eyes,
Its tinsel Gewgaws and delusive Joys,
How eagerly we grasp the glitt'ring Cheat,
Embrace a Cloud, and hug the fair Deceit ?
How blind is Reason when our Passions rule ?
How strongly Sense prevails against the Soul ?



E M B L E M XIII.



When GOD withdraws his chearing Light,
The Soul is sunk in dismal Night;
But his Return the Cloud dispels,
Comfort, and Love, and Grace reveals.

E M B L E M XIII.

The Mourning Christian.

WHEN Doubts and Fears possess the Soul,
 And dark'ning Clouds around it roll,
 And GOD withdraws his Light;
 How melancholy is her State!
 What Horrors do her Fears create!
 How dismal is her Night!
 Retired from the World she mourns;
 Her slender Taper weakly burns;
 All other Light is gone:
 Patience a-while, and thou shalt find
 Comfort to thy afflicted Mind;
 The Day will break anon.

The M O R A L.

Dark is the Soul, and dismal is her Night,
 When GOD withdraws his comfortable Light,
 How oft to Heav'n she lifts her mournful Eyes!
 How is she poured forth in broken Sighs!
 Broke is her Peace, and Conscience is perplex'd,
 And by tormenting Doubts the Mind is vex'd.
 Fear of his Wrath for unrepented Sins,
 Or the dire Dread of some renew'd Offence,
 The sweet, calm Region of her Virtue fills
 With wrecking Tempests of foreboding Ills.
 But when again her LORD unveils his Face,
 And beams on her his all-enliv'ning Rays,
 The Clouds are vanish'd, and the Sun appears,
 Joy is return'd, and banish'd are her Fears;
 Light, Love, and Peace again resume their Place,
 Reviv'd by his invigorating Grace,



E M B L E M XIV.



Hell's Tyrant rages Night and Day,
 And poor Mankind are made his Prey;
 The Righteous, who his Reign oppose,
 He treats as his invet'rate Foes.

E M B L E M XIV.

Satan in a Rage.

HERE Hell's fierce Monarch you behold
Advanced on his fiery Throne ;
His Tyrant Power uncontroll'd ;
His Pride and Rage submit to none.

Fraud, with her double Face, he bids
Stern *Justice* from the World to fray,
Whose rigid Laws and righteous Deeds,
His Subjects shall no more obey.

Faith he an Enemy declares,
Always rebellious to his Will,
Who from his high Tribunal dares
To an Almighty God appeal.

On *Sense* he lays his high Commands,
To clip her Wings, and blind her Eyes ;
Yet she holds fast, with both her Hands,
The Cross that bears her to the Skies.

The M O R A L.

Satan behold on his infernal Throne,
Hell's haughty Monarch e'er the World begun.
On Earth he rules with a despotic Sway,
And him the Wicked slavishly obey.
Deceiv'd by him, our Parents knew Offence,
And all our Evils we derive from thence.
Lies, Thefts, and Murders, all from him proceed,
He tempts the Sinner to the blackest Deed.
Such who his Schemes by Grace divine oppose,
He singles out, and makes Mankind their Foes.
But know, foul Fiend, tho' now thou may'st succeed,
Eternal Wrath shall crush thy execrable Head.

BOOK II. EMBLEM I.



Feeble and dim is Nature's Light,
 The Fire by blowing is more bright:
 The Light of Grace will plainly shew,
 How little of ourselves we know.

BOOK II. EMBLEM I.

*The Light of Grace preferable to the Light
of Nature.*

TH Y Candle, foolish Cupid, trim,
And make it yield a clearer Beam,
'Till it is burnt away ;
The Sun will still unrival'd shine,
And stifle all such Lights as thine,
By his Meridian Ray.

That Fool's Attempt is much the same,
Who would blow out the heav'nly Flame,
That lights the World below ;
For if his End he could obtain,
The World in Darkness would remain ;
So would his Foolship too.

The MORAL.

How apt is Man his Merits to proclaim ?
To boast his Worth, and propagate his Fame ?
Reason peculiar to himself he claims,
And Beasts instinct with Disdain he names.
All-bounteous Nature furnish'd him with Light,
And all his Faculties are clear and bright ;
No other Torch he needs to light his Way
To Regions bless'd with everlasting Day.
Poor, vain, conceited Wretch ! one Word attend,
Thy Folly hear, thy Vanity amend.
By Passions govern'd, by thy Lusts spurr'd on,
Thou art the vilest Slave beneath the Sun.
The Beasts the Law of Nature have obey'd,
But thou that Law no Rule for thee hast made.
Helpless and blind thou art, and weak thy Pow'r,
Ask Strength of God, and Grace divine implore.

E M B L E M II.



How eagerly the World we grasp !
Its Riches how we fondly clasp !
But could we get all we can crave,
Death lays us naked in the Grave.

EMBLEM II.

Avarice never satisfied.

THE Miser here behold,
With his all-grasping Arms ;
He labours Night and Day for Gold,
For that alone has Charms.

Still he adds Land to Land,
And new Estates he buys ;
Nothing can fill his griping Hand,
'Till All is made his Prize.

Could he the World possess,
And hug it as his own,
How eagerly he would embrace
The huge unwieldy Boon !

THE MORAL.

What is this World we hug and so admire ?
What are its Dainties, that we so desire ?
What are its Beauties, that so lovely shine ?
What is its Wealth, for which we sigh and pine ?
What are its Joys, that so bewitch the Soul,
Possess each Sense, and act without Controul ?
Empty and vain is all its choicest Store,
Gay, idle Dreams, that shine and are no more ;
Unsatisfying, when they're most enjoy'd,
And when repeated, we are often cloy'd ;
Yet, so uncertain, and so swiftly flown,
We scarce can call these pretty Toys our own.
Yet should we keep them to our latest Breath,
They will all vanish at th' Approach of Death,
In Heav'n alone thy Riches are secure,
And these alone eternally endure.



E M B L E M III.



Often the World our Hopes beguiles ;
It's full of Stratagems and Wiles ;
The Knave is always on the Watch,
And spreads his Trammels Fools to catch.

E M B L E M III.

Cupid's Net spread to catch Fools.

HO W easily the Fool is caught
In sly perfidious *Cupid's Nets* ?
But, when by sad Experience taught,
Too late he sees his wretched Lot,
In vain he flounces, fumes and frets.
Daily we see such Fools as these,
In Love's soft Trammels fast inclos'd ;
A-while the Joys they feel may please,
Yet little will they be at Ease,
When stronger Shackles are impos'd.

The M O R A L.

Fools without Fore-sight, and devoid of Thought,
In the Knave's Trap with gilded Baits are caught.
He that is cunning, now is deemed wise ;
And he is sharp who suffers no Surprize.
Friendship's a Mask, which Treachery puts on,
And he who most confides, is most undone.
Look thro' the World with penetrating Eyes,
And you will see, in every Shape, Disguise.
Religion too, transform'd a thousand Ways,
Appears as various as the human Face.
Virtue is mimick'd by designing Vice,
To catch th' Unwary, and ensnare the Wise.
The Fair are studious to display their Art,
To fix soft Passions in the simple Heart.
For this the gay Coquette affects her Airs ;
For this the rigid Prude demure appears.
False painted Charms a dingy Skin conceal,
To lure some foolish Lover to their Will.
Mankind is so disguised with Grimace,
Integrity can hardly shew its Face.

EMBLEM IV.



What is the World ? An empty Vapour.
 Its Pleasures what ? A smoaking Taper.
 Its Riches too are but a Smoak,
 By ev'ry Wind dispers'd and broke.

E M B L E M IV.

Worldly Enjoyments, Wind and Smoke.

THE pretty Emblem here you see,
Shews that the World is Vanity ;
A Puff of Wind, a Bubble broke,
And vanishing in Air and Smoke.
Slaves to the World, and chained down,
Yet with its Glories we are blown ;
Tho' its most valuable Stuff
Is but a Smoke, or stinking Snuff.

We vapour of our Liberty,
Yet who such Prisoners as we ?
The caged Parrot laughs and prates,
Yet cannot stir beyond his Grates.

The M O R A L.

Poor, vaunting Mortal, of thy State so proud,
Whose Wealth and Honours Fame proclaims aloud ;
Will these the Anguish of thy Heart appease,
When Pain and Sickness on thy Body seize ?
Will these the inward gnawing Worm destroy,
Thy Conscience lighten, or recal thy Joy ?
Will these ward off the threaten'd Stroke of Death ?
Or ev'n one Moment lengthen out thy Breath ?
Riches take Wing, and fly in haste away,
And Fortune changes each succeeding Day.
Honour's a frothy Bubble fill'd with Air,
It bursts, and all its Beauties disappear.
Blown by the People's Breath, it shines a-while,
And the same Breath will its gay Glories soil.
Riches may tempt, and Honours may delude,
But Virtue only is the lasting Good.



E M B L E M V.



Gold is the Idol we adore ;
 Who that has That can e'er be poor ?
 Yes, he is poor, and wretched too,
 Who will for This his Heav'n forego.

EMBLEM V.

The Deceitfulness of Riches.

CUPID, thy Table's spread with Coin,
 And temptingly the Pieces shine ;
 Thy World is stuck with Jewels too,
 To add more Glories to thy Shew.

Thy Gold is counterfeit and base,
 Altho' it bears great *Cæsar's* Face ;
 Thy Jewels are but glitt'ring Stones,
 Pebbles not worth a Groat an Ounce.

Such, when they're prov'd, they're ever found,
 And their whole Value's in their Sound ;
 He who these Beauties will caress,
 Poison and Cankers must possess.

The MORAL.

Wealth is a Screen that hides unnumber'd Ills,
 And many a heavy Heart behind conceals.
 Grandeur and State the Man indeed exalt,
 Dazzle the Eye, and lessen ev'ry Fault.
 Yet should we judge him by unerring Truth,
 Neglect his Pride, nor should his Folly sooth,
 His flagrant Vices, his corrupted Soul,
 Than others more detestable and foul,
 Are seen and loath'd ; yet still the Man we court,
 And pay our Worship to his shining Dirt.
 But who his Wealth, with all his Sins would have ?
 Enjoy his Splendor, to possess his Grave ?
 Who would exchange the peaceful Calm of Life,
 For his corroding Cares and gnawing Grief ?
 Poor may I be, if innocent I am ;
 To Heaven only will I lay my Claim.



E M B L E M VI.



When Vanity holds up the Glas,
Beauty we see and comely Grace ;
But search thy Heart, and there thou'lt see
More than enough to humble thee.

E M B L E M VI.

The Recompence of Vanity.

TH E World's a Mirror which deceives,
 And falsely Objects represents ;
 He who her Flatteries believes,
 His fond Credulity repents.

The World may tell thee thou art fair,
 Brave, virtuous, good, and great ;
 Examine well thy Heart and there
 Thou'lt find 'tis all a pompous Cheat.

A thousand Things thou'lt see amiss,
 Which have escaped others Eyes ;
 What thou wilt learn, is only This,
 That thou art neither good nor wise.

The M O R A L.

Big tho' we look, and mightily attract
 The publick Eye, and splendid Figures make,
 Let us sedately scrutinize our Hearts,
 And tell the very Truth that Search imparts ;
 What shall we find whereon a Boast to raise ?
 What goodly Thing deserves our Maker's Praise ?
 With ev'ry Sin we see our Nature stain'd,
 And there Corruption from our Birth has reign'd.
 Our Thoughts are all on Vanity intent,
 And each Affection on the World is bent.
 Immortal Things, and Heav'ns eternal Bliss,
 Can scarce a Corner of the Soul possess.
 Ah wretched Man ! no more thy Merit vaunt ;
 Think, that the chiefest Requisite you want :
 Nor Wealth, nor Learning, Happiness bestow,
The usefulst Knowledge, is thyself to know.



EMBLEM VII.



The Miser's pleas'd with Heaps of Treasure,
Others with Dignity or Pleasure;
These are the World's; but give me those
On which my Soul may safe repose.

E M B L E M VII.

The good and bad Choice.

TH E furnish'd Chest presents to View,
 The Wealth of Heav'n and Earth,
 Riches and Pleasures hourly new,
 Both good, and nothing worth :
 Whatever may your Fancy please,
 Here undisputed you may seize.

Here one preserves his foolish Toys,
 Trifles than nothing worse ;
 T'other the Things of highest Price,
 In his Esteem prefers :
 Wisdom and Folly are display'd,
 And you, and I, or both pourtray'd.

The M O R A L.

Trifles and gilded Gewgaws are for Boys,
 And Fools are pleas'd with Bawbles and with Toys.
 But Man, grown up, more solid Things expects,
 And childish Fancies scornfully rejects.
 Thus he whose Soul to Heaven does aspire,
 Whose Heart is glowing with a holy Fire ;
 Who by his Faith celestial Scenes can view,
 Can sing Angelic Songs with Zeal as true ;
 Whose Treasures are deposited above ;
 Whose Heart's renewed, and divine his Love ;
 With what Contempt he treats all meaner Things ?
 Ambition's Triumph, and the Pride of Kings ?
 The World's Delights can scarce deserve a Thought,
 And Wealth and Grandeur he esteems as nought.
 To Crowns immortal only he aspires,
 And Heav'n alone can fill his vast Desires.

E M B L E M VII.



Pleas'd with the Joys the World bestows,
And its gay, tinsel, gaudy Shews,
Our Minds are seldom lifted higher,
Nor to eternal Joys aspire.

E M B L E M VIII.

The Joys of Earth and Heaven.

Children are pleas'd with Bells and Toys,
 In such their very Hearts rejoice,
 With Trifles they are blest'd ;
 Thus they who have no farther Ends,
 But just to gratify their Sense,
 On Vanity subsist.

Not so the Man whose Views extend
 To solid Joys that have no End,
 Reserv'd in Heav'n above ;
 Earth and its Bawbles he neglects,
 And its choice Niceties rejects,
 Divine is all his Love.

The M O R A L.

With empty Noise and tinkling Sounds beguil'd,
 Rattles and Bells may please the froward Child.
 Such Musick suits its yet untutor'd Ears,
 And rough or smooth, all Harmony appears.
 But when advanc'd in Years, and taught to know
 Notes from the hollow Pipe or stringed Bow,
 The Bells and Rattles he to Infants leaves,
 And Pleasures truly rational receives.
 Thus when a Man has tasted Things divine,
 For Earthly Riches he'll no longer pine ;
 His Soul is wrapt in Extasies of Love,
 And joins in Chorus with the Saints above ;
 To theirs he fervently unites his Voice,
 The same his Ardour, and the same his Joys.
 Looks of Contempt on this vain World he casts,
 And, tho' on Earth, of Heaven largely tastes.

E M B L E M IX.



Lust is a Passion, fetid, foul,
And most contaminates the Soul ;
Severest Plagues will it attend,
And infamous is still its End.

E M B L E M IX.

Love and Lust.

WH O has transform'd the God of Love,
And chang'd him to an Owl?

What Pow'r on Earth, or Heaven above,
Could make his Shape so foul?

It was the Owl-ey'd Monster Lust,
Whose Actions hate the Light;
Whose Eyes in Gloom and Darkness trust,
And seek the Shades of Night.

But there's an awful Day to come,
That shall those Deeds reveal,
And Lust shall have its final Doom
In ever-burning Hell.

The M O R A L.

When God with Judgments punishes a Land,
What Pow'r on Earth his Vengeance can withstand?
War, Pestilence and Famine are his Rods,
The dreadful Scourges, and the galling Goads,
With which he vindicates his broken Laws,
And rights his Honour's violated Cause.
Who is so stout that can his Judgments brave?
Or who from Wrath Divine the Sinner save?
Where are the lofty Pillars of his Pride,
On which so long his Insolence rely'd?
His Riches, Honours, Pleasures are no more,
Divested of his Tyranny of Pow'r,
He finds himself, to his eternal Cost,
Sunk in Perdition, and for ever lost.
His Lusts, to which he never gave Controul,
With furious Rage shall blast his wretched Soul.



E M B L E M X.



What has this World been ever found,
But a mere Emptiness and Sound ?
Can solid Happiness be there,
Where nothing is but Noise and Air ?

E M B L E M X.

The World mere Sound and Emptiness.

CLOSE, and yet closer, Lad,
Thy list'ning Ear apply ;
Try of what Metal it is made,
Again thy Knuckles ply.

'Tis a mere Emptiness,
For all within is Air ;
Nothing but Sound it will express,
And nought but Noise you hear.

Such are the World's Delights,
Its Honours, Wealth and Pow'r,
Mere Wind and Vapour, airy Flights,
That crack, and nothing more.

The M O R A L.

The World's a Bubble, form'd of lather'd Soap,
It shines a-while, and ends a muddy Drop.
It's like a Drum, that makes a mighty Sound,
Yet in its Belly, nought but Wind is found.
It's like a Foot-ball, kick'd and toss'd about,
All Wind within, and leathered without.
It's like a Cask, when all the Liquor's drawn ;
It's like a Bone, when Meat and Marrow's gone.
No real Comfort can this Earth afford
To Man, its boasting delegated Lord.
Grandeur and Riches, and the Gaud of Pride,
Wither and waste, and never long abide.
The Moth and Rust, and Canker will destroy
The splendid Beauties of each earthly Toy.
True, solid Riches Heav'n alone contains,
And Treasures only worth the Christian's Pains.



E M B L E M X I.



Ye Winds from ev'ry Quarter blow,
 And into noisy Bluster grow,
 You cannot cause me any Loss---
 My Feet are fixed on the Cross.

E M B L E M XL

Safety in the Cross alone.

LET boist'rous Winds blow high and roar,
Toss me at Sea, or on the Shore,
Firmly I stand upon the Cross,
Where Winds nor Waves shall give me Loss.

When I am fickle Fortune's Sport,
The Cross alone is my Support ;
On that I lean in deep Distress,
In that all Riches I possess.

When Malice vents her venom'd Spleen,
A perfect Calm I find within ;
Let Men and Devils be my Foes,
The Cross is still my safe Repose.

The M O R A L.

The World may spite, and Tyrants vent their Rage,
And Earth and Hell against the Just engage.
Vain is their Malice, venomless their Spite,
They snarl and gnash, but have no Teeth to bite.
The Christian, in the Cross of CHRIST secure,
Patient, their Scorn and Buffets will endure ;
Shelter'd by that, their Fury he defies,
His Shield in Danger, Safety from Surprise.
That is his Comfort, when he's sore oppress'd,
Ease in his Troubles; and from Pain his Rest.
Death shakes his Dart, but he is not afraid,
For by the Cross he knows his Peace is made.
The last Great Day of Judgment will commence,
And then his Triumph in the Cross begins.



E M B L E M XII.



He who once struck with true Remorse,
Resolves he will from Sin divorce ;
If to his Sin again he turns,
His own Damnation dearly earns.

EMBLEM XII.

*Satan turn'd Doctor: or the false
Penitent.*

Conscience is wounded with a Dart,
That makes the guilty Sinner groan;
The Anguish wrankles in his Heart—
Ah me! he cries, I am undone.

Hell-gates are open to receive
My friendless, trembling, naked Soul;
Must I in Torments ever live?
No more in sensual Pleasures roll?

Hush! hush! cries Satan, peace, my Child;
Why on thy own Destruction bent?
Many good Years shall on thee smile--
When Death approaches--then repent.

THE MORAL.

Conscience at last to her Tribunal's come,
Judges the guilty Wretch, and signs his Doom;
Nay, self-condemn'd he stands before her Seat,
And if he Guilty pleads, who can acquit?
With Sorrow pierc'd, he sees his dismal Case,
Grieves for his Sins, and Pardon begs and Grace.
With many Sighs, and Tears, and by Degrees,
His Wound is healed, and restor'd his Peace.
If after this, his former Course he takes,
Renews his Sins, and ev'ry Promise breaks,
What Grace or Favour can he then expect?
His Cries and Prayers will not God reject?
O Sinner! tremble at the awful Thought,
Nor be, too late, by thy own Ruin taught!

EMBLEM XIII.



Frail is our Nature, Reason blind,
 And Clouds of Error veil the Mind ;
 Yet if the Righteous trip, he shall
 Still rise more vig'rous from his Fall.

E M B L E M XIII.

The Righteous stand faster by falling.

TH E righteous Man may chance to slip---
Let Satan make his Boast---
He only made a heedless Trip,
Not therefore is he lost.

If foil'd, and sunk upon his Knee,
He'll quickly rise again,
And with fresh Vigour, you shall see,
He'll struggle might and main.

And Grace divine will him assist,
To triumph o'er his Foes ;
With added Strength he shall be bless'd,
With Laurels crown'd his Brows.

The MORAL.

Frail is our Nature, and Temptations strong,
A thousand Weaknesses to it belong.
Our Passions, turbulent, would run a-head,
And Lusts, grown powerful, would take the Lead.
Our craving Senses must be gratify'd,
And Nature calls aloud to be enjoy'd.
What wonder then the pious Soul is led
In Paths forbidden carelessly to tread ?
Yet, tho' he errs, unwillingly he errs,
And still his God religiously reveres.
His Falls but teach him firmly how to stand,
And how his Passions better to command.
His Vigilance is wak'd by ev'ry Lapse,
And future Dangers warily escapes.

E M B L E M XIV.



The Heart replenished with Grace,
Is comforted with heav'nly Rays ;
Excludes the World and all its Toys,
Still open to diviner Joys.

E M B L E M XIV.

The Heart renew'd.

TH E Heart, when once by Grace renew'd,
 And all its lawless Lusts subdu'd,
 Shuts out the World on ev'ry Side,
 Its Follies, Vanities, and Pride.
 No latent Sin shall skulk unseen,
 For all is Purity within.
 It fights indeed---but not for Gold---
 It views with Scorn the richest Mould ;
 Inspired by a heav'nly Ray,
 It will on Earth no longer stay.
 This World is quickly out of Sight,
 And all its Glories vanish quite.
 In Raptures it's employ'd above,
 Is fill'd with Wonder, Joy, and Love ;
 And when it feels itself involv'd
 In Flesh, it longs to be dissolv'd.

The M O R A L

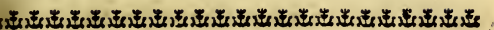
The Secrets of the Heart, to GOD alone,
 And all our Thoughts, howe'er reserv'd, are known.
 In vain the Hypocrite, with pious Fraud,
 Presumptuous ! would impose upon his GOD ;
 His all-surveying Eye can pierce the Veil,
 And far discern his counterfeited Zeal ;
 Marks his deep-heaving Pharisaic Sighs,
 His mimic Saintship and uplifted Eyes.
 He well observes the secret Mourner too,
 His downcast Looks, and undisguised Woe.
 He sees his deep Distress with kind Regard,
 And will his Suff'rings openly reward ;
 With Joys unspeakable his Heart he fills,
 And to his Soul, his Love immense reveals.



EMBLEM *of the* PROEM.



He that with Heaven is in Love,
 Whose Heart is set on Things above,
 Will never rest till he's assur'd,
 That his Salvation is secur'd.



The PROEM.

Sincere Piety.

TH E pious Christian here behold
 His naked Breast to God unfold ;
 Humbly and lowly on his Knees,
 He prays to him who hears and sees ;
 Who sees and hears the Tears and Sighs
 That from true Penitence arise ;
 Who marks them with a kind Regard,
 And will their Piety reward.

If he conceals a-while his Face,
 It is to prove the Truth of Grace.
 Dear Soul, do thou in Earnest be,
 Long he'll not hide his Smiles from thee.

Dart up thy Soul in fervent Pray'r,
 He'll lend thee an attentive Ear ;
 Thy Wants he surely will supply,
 Tho' seemingly He may deny.

Dart up thy Soul in ardent Vows ;
 On those his Favours He bestows,
 Who without Ceasing importune,
 And will not go without a Boon.

The Bosom Shafts of thy Desire
 Shoot upwards, tipt with holy Fire ;
 Feather'd with Faith, and edg'd with Love,
 They'll pierce his Ear, his Pity move.

Cease then thy Doubts ; no more despond ;
 Thou hast thy Saviour's sealed Bond,
 That he will give to those that ask ;
 Can he impose an easier Task ?



BOOK III. EMBLEM I.



The pious Soul with Sin oppress'd,
And utter Darkness sore distress'd,
Strives to grope out her gloomy Way,
And will at length discover Day.



BOOK III. EMBLEM I.

The anxious Christian reliev'd.

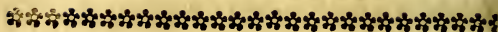
WHEN Doubts and Fears the Soul becloud,
And Errors veil her Light,
Absent she thinks is ev'ry Good,
And all a dismal Night.

About her Prison thus she gropes,
In Darkness long confin'd;
Yet still she lives, and feeds on Hopes
Some Good for her's design'd.

At length a Ray darts through the Gloom,
And meets her longing Eye;
Her Hopes revive; her Saviour's come;
For now she sees Him nigh.

The MORAL.

How dark's the Soul when God withdraws his Light
And hides his Favour from our longing Sight?
The more we have enjoy'd our Father's Love,
The more we mourn for his unkind Remove.
We dread his Anger when we see his Frown,
And fear he'll leave his gracious Work undone;
With fervent Prayer we his Return entreat,
And beg our promis'd Hopes he'll not defeat;
Let us persist, nor leave the Throne of Grace;
Wrestle; be urgent, till he shews his Face.
He will be courted e'er He Favours grants;
And tho' He knows, yet we must tell our Wants.
'Tis with the Humble he delights to dwell,
And such he visits in their lowly Cell.
Whoever asks sincerely, shall receive;
There's nothing we can ask, but he can give.



E M B L E M II.



What Fools are we, what trifling Toys
Our Thoughts employ, our Hearts rejoice ?
And yet can unaffected see
A Saviour bleed for thee and me !

EMBLEM II.

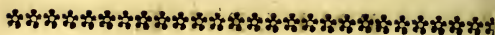
The foolish Worldling.

EXactly view this pictur'd Scene,
 And see what Ideots are Men,
 Their chief Delights behold;
 Honours, and all the Pomp of Life,
 For which the World is still at Strife,
 Your Eye will here unfold.

Scarce can they turn their Eyes to Him,
 Who bled and dy'd to rescue them
 From everlasting Woe;
 Their Great Concern meets no Regard;
 No Thoughts for Heaven can be spar'd,
 Intent on Things below.

The MORAL.

Behold the Traffick of the worldly Fool,
 For what he barters his immortal Soul!
 Mere Vanities! the Bawbles of a Day!
 We scarce possess them e're they fly away.
 Riches, that Idol now so much ador'd,
 What Comfort can they at thy Death afford?
 Honours, at which Ambition bends her Flight,
 Must set at length in everlasting Night.
 Yet these how eagerly the Fool pursues,
 As if design'd for his eternal Use!
 For these, neglects the glorious Things above,
 His Peace of Conscience, and the Father's Love;
 Objects of infinitely more Esteem,
 Of greater Value and Concern to him,
 Than all the Riches in this Globe contain'd,
 Tho' all his own; and honestly were gain'd.



E M B L E M III.



The Soul with Sin that's faint and sick,
 And Conscience smarting to the Quick,
 No Hand can heal, 'till CHRIST appears,
 Who gives her Ease, and dries her Tears.

E M B L E M III.

The Sin-sick Soul.

TH E Soul is sick of Sin,
Nor Rest, nor Ease can find;
Horrors and gloomy Fears within,
Distract the clouded Mind.

She seeks Relief in vain
From what this World can yield;
The Joys it gives increase her Pain;
Not thus her Grief is heal'd.

If JESUS once applies
His kind relieving Hand,
His Touch alone will make her rise;
Health comes at his Command.

The M O R A L.

The Conscience, burden'd with the Weight of Sin;
Is all Confusion, Gloom, and Dread within;
No Comfort can the wretched Sinner know,
For all he thinks, and all he feels is Woe.
He sees, or thinks he sees, an angry God
Shake o'er his Head his dire tremendous Rod.
Hell with its Horrors are before his Eyes,
And Demons seem his trembling Soul to seize.
But upward look——A Prospect new and strange
Will strike thine Eyes with an amazing Change.
Thy dear Redeemer on thy Couch attends;
The best Physician, and the best of Friends;
Declares thy Pardon, seal'd in Heav'n above,
And shews thee all the Tokens of his Love.
Mourn then no more; but thankfully receive
Those glorious Things which he's prepar'd to give.



E M B L E M IV.



Ah ! suff'ring Christian, don't complain
 Of Work, of Scourges, and of Pain ;
 All these thy Sins have well deserv'd,
 When from God's holy Laws you swerv'd.

E M B L E M IV.

Man's allotted Portion.

THIS Emblematic Figure shews
 The wretched Lot of Man;
 Nothing but Work and Scourge he knows
 Throughout his scanty Span:
 Scarce one short Hour of Rest he finds;
 Still in the painful Mill he grinds.
 But patiently be this endur'd,
 We have deserv'd it well;
 The Mill and Scourge we then procur'd,
 When Man from Goodness fell;
 Of Heav'n assur'd, it matters not,
 If wretched be our present Lot.

The M O R A L.

Sin brought in Sorrow, and a World of Woe,
 Ills without Number we must undergo.
 By Sicknes, Pain, and Poverty distress'd,
 By Devils tempted, and by Men oppress'd;
 By civil Discord, or domestic Jars;
 By Plagues, or Famine, or by bloody Wars.
 Life is a Burden, hardly borne, become,
 Yet 'tis confess'd, is our deserved Doom.
 Those righteous Laws, our Maker gave, we broke,
 Renounc'd Obedience, and shook off his Yoke.
 His Goodness we ungraciously despis'd,
 Nor his invaluable Mercies priz'd;
 Ungrateful and perfidious we have been,
 Deaf to his Calls, and obstinate in Sin.
 Can we expect no Punishment for these?
 Will Justice always let us be at Ease?
 No! 'tis by Justice God supports his Throne;
 This, Men and Devils shall for ever own.



E M B L E M V.



From Earth deriv'd, to Earth return ;
Earth in our Birth, and in our Urn ;
Let no Man boast his noble Birth,
Since all must own their Mother Earth.

E M B L E M V.

Man's Original equal with Beasts.

HIS Being Man deriv'd from Earth,
 No higher is his boasted Birth,
 First rais'd from a Clod ;
 Fashion'd and wrought by Hands Divine,
 A Figure beautiful and fine,
 He bravely walk'd Abroad.

From Earth arose both Bird and Beast,
 The hugest and the very least,
 The Plant, and Flow'r and Grain ;
 We were all Brethren at the first,
 And all by *Adam's* Sin were curs'd,
 All must to Earth again.

The M O R A L.

Man, here behold thy humble Origin,
 E're yet thy Glory was defac'd by Sin.
 First thou was't rais'd from Earth's cold clayey Bed,
 From thence thou list'd'st up thy manly Head ;
 Form'd by thy Maker from an earthly Clod,
 Who op'd thy Eyes and bid thee look Abroad ;
 He gave thee Sense and Reason, Life and Soul,
 And the whole World submitted to thy Rule !
 Happy as Angels was thy Being first,
 'Till, Devil-like, by thy Ambition curs'd.
 Our Maker's Image thro' thy Means was lost ;
 And what can now poor wretched Mortals boast ?
 From Sin to Sin by ev'ry Passion whirl'd,
 We're made the Jest and Proverb of the World.
 Then pride thyself no more, O Man of Earth !
 Of thy great Lineage, or ennobled Birth ;
 When Death shall seize thee, as it quickly must,
 A Clay-cold Corpse thou art, soon turn'd to Dust.

E M B L E M VI.



In vain we would with God contend;
A dreadful Foe---the kindest Friend.
Humbly receive what he inflicts,
It is a Father's Hand corrects.

E M B L E M VI.

Humility Man's Duty.

P Resumptuous Man! durst thou provoke
Th' Almighty God's avenging Stroke?
Shall a poor Worm, that crawls and dies,
Against his Great Creator rise?

Lower, vain Man, thy haughty Crest;
Humility becomes thee best;
Rebellious Weapons throw away;
Fall on thy Knees and Pardon pray.

No longer in thy Strength confide:
Who can his dreadful Wrath abide?
Fall at his Feet, his Mercy crave,
Nor more Almighty Vengeance brave.

The M O R A L.

See here, and weep degen'rate Nature trac'd
From the first Sin, by which it was debas'd.
Prone to Rebellion, into Life we come,
And this we practice till we reach the Tomb;
In Sin advancing, as our Age proceeds,
Still heaping Coals on our rebellious Heads.
O wretched Man! how durst thou thus presume
Affront the Judge who must assign thy Doom?
Should dreadful Vengeance lour on his Brow,
What could'st thou do to ward the threaten'd Blow?
With the Almighty can thy Strength contend?
Or from his Wrath, thy Arm thy Head defend?
O no! 'tis vain; stoop Pride; his Power own,
And make thy Peace, before thou art undone.



E M B L E M VII.



When God is pleas'd to hide his Face,
The Soul, impatient, sighs and prays
She may to Favour be restor'd,
And feel the Comforts of her Lord.

EMBLEM VII.

THE MIST OF DARKNESS

Light Divine dispels Spiritual Darknes.

WHEN Clouds of Doubts and Fears arise,
And overspread the Soul,
To Heav'n he lifts his pious Eyes,
With Tears and Sorrow full.

His deep-fetch'd Sighs his Grief proclaim;
He begs returning Grace;
Loudly he calls upon his Name,
Who has withdrawn his Face.

If but a single Ray of Light,
From that refulgent Sun,
Breaks thro' his dismal Gloom of Night,
His Grievs at once are gone.

The MORAL.

The pious Soul is often in a Cloud,
And Doubts, like Mists, his beamy Glories shroud.
He fears he's guilty of some great Mistake,
Or lest with God his Promise he should break;
Fears his Repentance should not be sincere;
Laments his Want of Fervency in Pray'r.
His steadfast Hopes, tho' founded on a Rock,
When Tempests rage, can hardly bear the Shock.
Faith sometimes glimmers with a weakly Ray,
And mental Horrors quite exclude the Day.
But Peace, dear Soul; with Patience wait a while,
Thy Sun again with glad'ning Rays will smile;
Again thy Saviour will reveal his Face
In all the Radiance of his heav'nly Grace.



E M B L E M VIII.



Well may he weep a Flood of Tears,
Who feels the Weight of Sins he bears ;
Sins which have made his GOD his Foe,
And brought on him a World of Woe.

EMBLEM VIII.

True Penitence.

WE E P, weep, my Soul, a tearful Flood,
 Weep till thy Stock of Water's gone ;
 Then weep again with Tears of Blood
 The sad Offences thou hast done.

Goodness immense, ungrateful, thou
 Hast thro' thy sinful Life abus'd ;
 Thy Thoughts, and Words, and Deeds can shew
 How basely thou hast Mercy us'd.

Let Sorrow then my Soul possess,
 And Tears stream down my furrow'd Cheek ;
 My num'rous Sins I will confess ;
 Soften my Heart, O GOD, or break.

The MORAL.

Well may the Sinner weep a Flood of Tears,
 Who feels the mighty Weight of Sin he bears.
 He weeps he does a gracious GOD offend,
 His greatest Benefactor, Father, Friend.
 He weeps when he the bloody Scene unfolds,
 And his dear Saviour on a Cross beholds ;
 The agonizing Tortures which he felt,
 Press'd with his Father's Wrath, and human
 Guilt ;
 Crown'd with sharp Thorns he sees his sacred
 Head,
 And his gor'd Side with flowing Purple bleed :
 Who that sees this, and knows why it was done,
 (To take the Curse by Man deserv'd alone)
 But must dissolve in Tears, with Grief confess
 Himself a Wretch, and his Redeemer bless ?



E M B L E M IX.



Justice, impartial and severe,
 To pleading Mercy gives no Ear ;
 'Till JESUS shews substantial Cause,
 His strict Obedience to the Laws.

E M B L E M IX.

Justice and Mercy.

Justice. **S**inner, thou hast a wretched Cause,
 For thou thy Maker's righteous Laws
 Audaciously hast broke :
 What for thyself hast thou to plead,
 Before my Sword shall strike thee dead--
 Speak, e'er I give the Stroke.

Sinner. Just is the Sentence, I must own ;
 Altho' by it I am undone,
 I must my Judge acquit :
 Yet Mercy, Lord, I thee implore,
 Of which Thou hast a boundless Store ;
 Forgive my mighty Debt.

Justice. Lord, shall I strike ? He owns the Charge.
Christ. No !--- set the Prisoner at large,
 And point thy Sword at me ;
 My Death redeems his forfeit Life ;
 My Merits end the Legal Strife,
 And set the Sinner free.

The MORAL.

Should GOD in Justice with a Sinner deal,
 Nor to his Mercy suffer an Appeal,
 Who could escape the Scourges of his Rod,
 Or of his Wrath could bear the mighty Load ?
 But our Redeemer has perform'd the Task,
 And Justice nothing has of us to ask.
 Whate'er the Law demanded, He has giv'n,
 And open'd wide an easy Way to Heav'n.
 Quickly, my Soul, his gracious Terms embrace ;
 Love him, and thou shalt see his lovely Face.



E M B L E M X.



This World's an Ocean deep and wide,
Wherein we're toss'd from Side to Side ;
Tumultuous Waves are raging round---
Save me, O Lord, or I am drown'd.

E M B L E M X.

The Christian's Support.

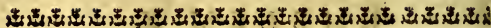
TH E World's a Sea, my Ship is mann'd
 But weakly, I must own;
 My Lusts the Winds by which 'tis fann'd,
 And I must sink or drown;

Unless thy Grace, O God, extends
 Its seasonable Aid;
 If that appears in my Defence,
 My Voyage safe is made.

O save me from the dreadful Wreck
 And Rocks that me surround;
 My tempest-raging Passions check,
 E're I am run a-ground.

The M O R A L.

The Christian sails in a tempestuous Sea,
 And Rocks and Shelves obstruct his dang'rous Way;
 Nigh founder'd by the heavy Freight of Sin,
 He scarce bears up against the Waves and Wind.
 His Anchor, Hope, can hardly touch the Ground,
 And furious Blasts of Lusts are raging round.
 His Rudder, Faith, can scarce command the Helm,
 While rolling Seas of Trouble overwhelm
 His leaky Vessel, and upon him break,
 And ev'ry Moment threaten dreadful Wreck.
 What shall he do in Dangers so extreme?
 What? but by fervent Pray'r apply to him,
 Whom raging Winds obsequiously obey,
 He'll calm the Tempest, and restore thy Day.



E M B L E M XI.



When God provok'd by crying Sins,
 To deal his Judgments once begins,
 Who shall his furious Wrath abide?
 Ev'n he whom his own Hand shall hide.

E M B L E M XI.

The only Safety from Divine Judgments.

WHEN Vengeance, sent by God's Com-
mand,

Drives furious o'er a guilty Land,

That has his Wrath provok'd,

Where shall his Head the Sinner hide ?

Or in what secret Place abide,

By Justice over-look'd ?

Omniscience views the Depths below,

And Rocks and Mountains pierces thro',

The Grave's no hiding Place ;

No Place of Safety can be found,

Above, within, or under-Ground---

No-where, but in his Grace.

The M O R A L.

Abfurd and foolish he will find th' Attempt,

Who seeks to be from Heaven's Eye exempt,

Which fees at once the whole Creation thro',

And Hell profound lies open to its View.

Where then, vain Mortal, wilt thou try to hide

Thyself, or in what secret Place abide ?

Where from his Omniprefence wilt thou fly ?

Where is the Place Omniscience can't defcry ?

Sinners their Crimes in Darknefs may conceal,

Justice at laft will all their Crimes reveal.

Malice her dark and tragic Schemes may weave,

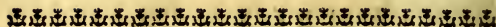
And with fmoother glozing Words a Man deceive ;

Not fo is God, who knows our Thoughts afar,

Who form'd the Heart, and fees whatever's there.

Since then no Place fecures thee from his Eye,

Quick from his Justice to his Mercy fly.



E M B L E M XII.



If God should spare us 'till we say,
We don't desire another Day,
Grim Death but little Work would have,
And few Inhabitants the Grave.

E M B L E M XII.

Life too much the Object of our Desire.

HOW willing are we here to stay !
How loth to part from hence !
Another, yet another Day ——
Such is the Call of Sense.

But what has this vain World to give,
That can our Souls allure ?
What are its Bounties we receive ?
How long are they secure ?

For Heaven if thou art prepar'd,
Grudge not to leave this Earth ;
Nor think it is a Measure hard ;
The Change thy Choice is worth.

The M O R A L.

Short is the Space of Life allow'd to Man,
Its Length is fitly measur'd by a Span.
When Life begins, we then begin to die,
A few Years labour'd, in the Grave we lie :
Yet on this Space, how short soe'er, depends
A long Eternity that never ends.
And yet, amazing strange ! how little we
Regard the present Good, or future see ?
How little of our little Time is spent
In pleasing GOD, for which that Time was lent ?
How few of those important Hours we have,
Do we employ our precious Souls to save ?
The World engrosses so much Time and Thought,
That Things immortal are almost forgot.

E M B L E M XIII.



Immortal Things, at Distance view'd,
Are but too sluggishly pursu'd ;
While Flesh and Sense our Minds engross,
Heav'n and eternal Joys we lose.

E M B L E M XIIH.

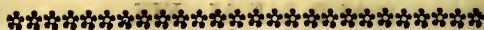
The different Views of Flesh and Spirit.

TH E Spirit takes a distant View
Of Death and heav'nly Things;
Faith pierces the perspective thro',
And Objects nearer brings:
Heav'n, Hell, and the Last Judgment are
Presented in a Prospect clear.

Flesh has her Glass triangular,
Where Colours beautiful
With ev'ry Turn still vary'd are,
And in Succession roll:
Cities and Towns and Churches fly
On the smooth Surface featly by.

The M O R A L.

Man, who to Reason makes the most Pretence,
Of all the Creatures that have Life and Sense,
He of all Beings is the greatest Fool,
And swerves the most from Reason's prudent Rule.
Formed with ev'ry Faculty and Pow'r
To correspond with Heav'n, and God adore,
Employs those Talents to abuse his Name,
And his own Nature to debase and shame.
He, who well knows he has a Soul to save,
That all his Works are ended in the Grave,
Neglects the present Moments to improve,
Or to secure his Heritage above.
He, who beholds such Numbers round him die,
And his own Death discerns with half an Eye;
Yet his Repentance foolishly delays,
Till he has wasted ev'ry Day of Grace.



E M B L E M XIV.



How tiresome is this Load of Earth
 To him who knows his higher Birth !
 In Flesh and sensual Lusts involv'd,
 O how he longs to be dissolv'd !

E M B L E M XIV.

Grief comfortless.

GR I E F has no Leisure for Delight ;
Indiff'rent are the Day and Night,
Alike in Sorrow spent ;
While the Night lasts, she longs for Day ;
The Morning brings no friendly Ray,
And neither gives Content.

Time mows away her sunny Beams,
Of which she has but sickly Gleams ;
Her Hour-glass has Wings ;
The gloomy Night can give no Rest ;
Day, to her sore-afflicted Breast,
No single Comfort brings.

The M O R A L.

Who that the World with heedful Eye surveys,
And well observes the Current of his Days,
But sees abundant Reason for his Grief,
Thro' the whole Course of his protracted Life ?
Fully he sees advanc'd to Wisdom's Seat,
And conscious Virtue from her Honours beat ;
Religion made a Masque to cover Vice,
And Impudence o'er modest Merit rise ;
The sacred Gown to cloak Ambition worn ;
CHRIST's seamless Garment into Pieces torn.
Who that his vile, corrupted Heart inspects,
And on his own unruly Lusts reflects ;
That feels th' innumerable Ills of Life,
His transient Joys, and quick returning Grief,
But must his hard-condition'd State lament,
And give, by Sighs and Tears, his Sorrows Vent ?



BOOK III. EMBLEM I



The Flesh wou'd fain my Service have,
And offers Wages fine and brave;
The Spirit calls another Way,
And That, as best, I will obey.

BOOK IV. EMBLEM I.

Flesh and Spirit at Variance.

TH E Law of GOD is in my View,
Which does my Lusts controul;
Bids me true Happiness pursue,
The Welfare of my Soul.

It points the Way to Joys above,
By most unerring Rules,
How to secure my Maker's Love,
How 'scape the Fate of Fools.

But Flesh and Sense will interpose,
My good Resolves assail;
Tho' their Attacks I do oppose,
They strongly will prevail.

Still do they clog my rising Zeal,
And mix unholy Fire;
Yet, I must own, against my Will,
Which would to Heav'n aspire.

THE MORAL.

What strong Convulsions rend the pious Soul!
How do his Lusts his heav'nly Aims controul!
Now wing'd with Zeal, his high Devotions rise,
He quits dull Earth, and seems to climb the Skies.
Some sudden Gust of Passion stops his Flight,
And hurls him down from his delightful Height.
Tho' Love Divine his pious Heart inspires,
The Senses often quench his holy Fires.
Hard is the Struggle he must here maintain,
And thro' a World of Opposition Heaven gain.



I M B L E M II.



The World's an intricate Meander,
 In which a-while poor Christians wander ;
 But he who has a heav'nly Ray
 To guide him, shall not lose his Way.

EMBLEM II.

The World a Labyrinth.

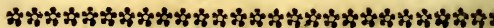
TH E Way to Heav'n is intricate,
And dangerous the Road ;
How many 'Thousands miss the Gate
To the Divine Abode ?

The World's a mazy Labyrinth ;
Man's lost without a Guide ;
For if he vainly trust his Strength,
To Ruin he's decoy'd.

But if a Ray of Light divine
His wand'ring Steps directs,
The Way unerringly he'll find,
And the Abode he seeks.

The M O R A L.

Our Reason's dark, and Understandings blind,
Nature deprav'd, and weak the human Mind.
A thousand false, delusive Lights appear,
To lead our Steps astray, and make us err.
Our head-strong Passions often take the Lead,
And by some tempting Scenes our Heart's betray'd ;
Bewilder'd in a Maze we wander on,
Yet if we miss the Way we are undone.
Father of Light, dart down a heav'nly Ray,
Dispel our Darkness, and light up the Day.
Guided by that, the Road we shall not miss,
But reach at length thy everlasting Bliss.



E M B L E M III.



How quickly weary do we grow,
 How heavy, listless, dull and slow,
 When to our Duty press'd upon !---
 Draw us, O Lord, and we shall run.

E M B L E M III.

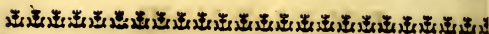
Human Weakness.

S Luggish and weakly are our Feet,
 When we the Road to Heaven beat,
 And scarcely mend our Speed,
 Altho' our Saviour us invites
 To a rich Banquet of Delights,
 For us by Him decreed.

Kindly He lends his leading Hand,
 And helps us on our Feet to stand,
 And speaks his Tenderness;
 Shews us the Prize for which He fought,
 The Joys of Heav'n he dearly bought,
 And bids us them possess.

The M O R A L

By flow'ry, tempting Vanities allur'd,
 With flatt'ring Pleasures all around immur'd;
 By Sense perverted, by our Hearts beguil'd,
 Oft in our pious Warfare we are foil'd.
 We long for Heav'n, yet to Earth we cleave,
 And fain of neither would ourselves bereave.
 Swiftly we run, when Pleasure is the Chace---
 What Sluggards in the Course of Truth and Grace!
 Alluring Profit puts us on the Speed,---
 How slow and listless to a pious Deed!
 If Honour tempts us to a bolder Flight,
 How eagerly we climb the dang'rous Height!
 And yet the Glories of the World to come,
 Scarce in our Hearts can find a little Room.
 Quickened our Steps, O LORD, to tread thy Ways,
 And when we lag, O make us mend our Pace!



E M B L E M IV.



Fear to offend thy gracious God,
 And then thou need'st not fear his Rod ;
 But if thou fear'st not to offend,
 Well may'st thou fear a dreadful End.

E M B L E M IV.

No Safety but in God's Mercy.

HOW dreadful is the Wrath of God!
 How terrible his angry Rod!
 The blasting Thunders of his Hand,
 Who has Presumption to withstand?

Humble thyself, O Wretch! in Dust,
 Entreat, and in his Mercy trust;
 There only canst thou Safety find,
 For to the Humble He is kind.

God's awful Judgments are display'd,
 When his Commands are disobey'd;
 O! tremble when his Wrath's abroad,
 And fear the Vengeance of a God.

The M O R A L.

How dreadful are thy Judgments, Mighty God!
 How terrible is thy afflicting Rod!
 When harden'd Sinners have thy Arm defy'd,
 With what a Vengeance hast thou taught their
 Pride!

Tremble, my Soul, and humble thee in Dust;
 What is the Strength in which is plac'd thy Trust?
 Fear to offend, and Him offended fear,
 And his fierce Wrath no more presume to dare;
 Confess thy Sins, and deprecate his Ire,
 Lest thy sad Fate should be eternal Fire;
 Entreat his Mercy, instantly repent,
 Or may'st To-morrow rue the dire Event.
 His Arms are open to receive thee now,
 Embrace his Offer, and avoid the Blow.



E M B L E M V.



Shall Vanity mine Eyes allure?
 What can this foolish Fancy cure?
 LORD, close mine Eyes, and shut them fast
 Or let them be to Heaven cast.

EMBLEM V.

The Allurements of Vanity.

HERE Vanity is deck'd
In tinsel Robings fine,
With shewy, glitt'ring Gewgaws trick'd,
We see the Puppet shine.

The wond'ring Fool admires
And gazes on her Charms;
His Heart her dimpled Simper fires;
How happy in her Arms!

Little he thinks what Ills
For him she has prepar'd;
But these she cunningly conceals,
Yet shall be his Reward.

LORD, hide my wand'ring Eyes
From her deceitful Lure;
For all her Promises are Lies,
And all her Ways impure.

The MORAL.

My wand'ring Eyes from Scene to Scene will rove,
And ev'ry Vanity they meet will love.
My Heart's a Captive to the Pride of Life,
And Sense with Grace holds a vexatious Strife.
My God, my King, O turn mine Eyes to Thee,
And set my Soul from earthly Objects free.
O mortify these craving Lusts of mine,
And sanctify my Heart with Grace Divine.
Subdue my Passions, govern thou my Will,
And still may I thy guiding Spirit feel.



E M B L E M VI.



Our fleshly Lusts will long prevail,
And furiously the Soul assail ;
Yet humble, fervent Pray'r at length
Shall triumph by a greater Strength.

E M B L E M VI.

Virtue triumphant.

ESTHER entreats, in deep Distress,
 Her own and threaten'd People's Life ;
 Humbly she begs it on her Knees,
 With Tears, sure Token of her Grief.

Haman, the wicked *Haman* here,
 Has cruelly denounc'd our Fate ;
 Nor Age, nor Sex the Wretch will spare,
 To glut his undeserved Hate.

If my poor Beauty once was thought
 Not wholly destitute of Charms,
 O save me from the dreadful Lot
 That me so terribly alarms.

The King incens'd, in Passion rose ;
 Fate sat upon his furious Brow ;
 The Word is giv'n, and *Haman* shews
 His Carcass on the fatal Bough.

The M O R A L.

Virtue and Vice are ever at a Strife,
 And fiercely combat thro' the Course of Life.
 Vice tyrannizes long with haughty Pride,
 And Virtue's Brightness must a-while subside.
 With Wrongs injurious she must be oppress'd,
 Insulted, threaten'd, made the publick Jest ;
 'Till God himself shall vindicate her Cause,
 And free her from the Tyrant's iron Claws.
 Then with full Radiance shall her Beauties shine,
 And glorious Laurels shall her Brows entwine.



E M B L E M VII.



Sweet is Retirement to the Soul,
Since there she CHRIST enjoys to Full ;
In whom she places her Delight,
Who is her Solace Day and Night.

EMBLEM VII.

CANT. vii. II.

*The sweet Intercourse between CHRIST
and the Soul.*

Christ. COME, come, my Love, let's walk
Abroad,
And snuff the fresh'ning Breeze ;
Visit the Cottagers Abode,
And rove among the Trees.

Soul. Behold, my Heart's eternal Joy,
Me ready to attend ;
Glad that my Time I can employ
With you so dear a Friend.

Christ. Come, let's retire to yon Alcove,
And talk of Things divine :

Soul. Yes ; there I'll tell thee all my Love ;

Christ. And I will tell thee mine.

THE MORAL.

When once the fruitful Seeds of Grace are sown,
And the sweet Buds of Love are fairly blown,
The Soul, transported with the Joy she feels,
For ever on her dear Redeemer dwells.
With Pleasure she contemplates all his Charms,
And longs to be embrac'd within his Arms.
Pleas'd, she converses with her dearest Lord,
Or reads his gracious Message in his Word.
Pleas'd, to his holy Temple she repairs,
And seems in Heaven while his Word she hears.
CHRIST, no less pleas'd to see her holy Plight,
Fills her whole Being with a new Delight ;
Gives her a Taste of what's enjoy'd above,
Where the chief Bliss is never-ending Love.



E M B L E M VIII.



In vain we strive to run the Race
That God appoints, without his Grace;
Drawn by the Odour of his Love,
With Vigour we shall quickly move.

E M B L E M VIII.

CANT. i. 3.

The Spirit helps our Infirmities.

HEartless and sluggish is our Zeal ;
 Base are our Thoughts, perverse our Will ;
 Still are we grov'ling on the Earth,
 As if we boasted thence our Birth.

Scarce can we cast our drowsy Eyes
 Upwards to view our native Skies,
 The glorious ever-blest'd Abode,
 Where Angels dwell, and where is God.

But when the *Spirit* from above
 Draws us along with Cords of Love,
 And the sweet Incense of his Grace
 Diffuses, then we move apace.

The MORAL.

Lifeless and cold is ev'ry Christian's Zeal,
 Till the warm Beams of quick'ning Grace he feel.
 His Love, once active, stagnates in the Poo
 His Heart, and scarcely moves his sluggish Soul.
 No more the sacred Flame within him glows,
 And a few glitt'ring Sparks by Fits it shews :
 Yet still there's Fire, by Embers only hid,
 Which will, when from its dirty Rubbish free'd,
 Burst out with glorious Lustre to the View,
 And all his Comforts, all his Joys renew.
 Mean-while he mourns for CHRIST's departed
 Love,
 And that his own should from its Object rove.
 No Rest, no Peace he knows, 'till both return,
 And with the same united Ardor burn.



E M B L E M IX.



How is the pious Soul rejoic'd,
Assured she is own'd by CHRIST ?
What can she wish, or more obtain ?---
She loves, and is lov'd again.

E M B L E M IX.

CANT. viii. 1.

The Virgin MARY and her blessed Infant.

WELL, MARY, may'st thou clasp the
Child,

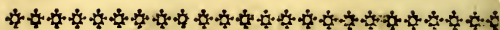
And press him with a close Embrace,
With no Impurities defil'd,
Lovely, and sweet, and full of Grace.

But what is now thy Joy and Song,
Will be a Sword to pierce thy Soul,
When on the Cross thou see'st him hung,
And drinking off the wrathful Bowl.

Yet still rejoice, since lost Mankind,
Shall by his Death to Heav'n be rais'd ;
Satan, our Enemy, confin'd ;
Jesus, our Saviour, ever prais'd !

The M O R A L.

Sweet is the heav'nly Intercourse between
CHRIST and the Soul, and pleasant is the Scene,
Love, Joy, and Peace abound in ev'ry Part,
Calm is the Conscience, and serene the Heart.
The Law, e'er-while the Christian's dreadful Foe,
He sees no more with Menace on its Brow.
Justice, inexorable, satisfy'd,
Delighted sees fair Mercy by her Side.
Death is disarm'd, and stingless now remains ;
His Triumph's ended, and with it our Pains.
For this the Christian tunes his Tongue to Praise,
And with his Heart, a grateful Tribute pays
To his Redeemer, who his Freedom bought,
And for his Sake such glorious Things has wrought.



E M B L E M X.



The sluggish Christian seeks in vain
An Interest in CHRIST to gain ;
The Road is rough, untrod, unev'n---
The Downy-Bed's no Way to Heav'n.

E M B L E M X.

CANT. iii. I.

The sluggish Christian.

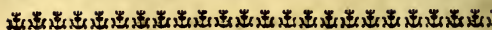
TH E lazy Christian thinks to find
 His Saviour on his Bed ;
 No gloomy Fears perplex his Mind,
 No anxious Thoughts his Head.

By Reason's Taper-Light he seeks,
 And searches Nature thro' ;
 But the mysterious Gospel breaks
 Reason and Nature too.

For none e'er yet this Saviour found,
 But on the cursed Tree ;
 With Thorns his sacred Temples bound,
 From Bondage us to free.

The M O R A L.

Fruitless will be our Search if we propose
 To find Religion where we sleep or doze.
 'Tis not in easy Chair or downy Bed
 She rests, when ever rests her sacred Head.
 In vain we seek her in the World's Delights,
 Riches, or Grandeur, or Ambition's Flights ;
 The Wisdom of Philosophy in vain
 We trace, Religion beats a higher Strain.
 The Light of Nature is but weak and dim ;
 Her Principles are vastly more sublime.
 Vain are such Searches, and our Labour Loss,
 For we shall find her only on the Cross ;
 There in large Characters we read her Name,
 And on that Tree her Principles we frame.



E M B L E M XI.



The Soul, perplex'd with Doubts and Fear,
Bewails herself with Sighs and Tears.
She's lost her Love she knows not where—
Search but thy Heart, thou'lt find him there.

EMBLEM XI.

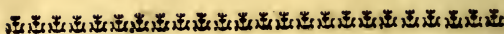
CANT. iii. 2.

The Soul impatient of CHRIST's Absence.

HOW can I rest when I have lost
Him whom my Soul desires most ?
Without whose Presence I'm forlorn,
Whose Absence I must sadly mourn.
I'll rise and seek Him thro' the Street,
Happy if there I can him meet ;
But He, I fear, will not be found.
Tho' I should range the City round.
The Change and Market shew Him not ;
No Place remains by me unsought :
Home to my Heart I will repair---
Who knows but I may find Him there ?

The M O R A L.

What anxious Cares the pious Soul perplex !
What restless Thoughts his easeless Bosom vex,
Who the sad Absence of his Love bemoans,
In silent Tears, and deep Heart-rending Groans ?
As one be-darken'd gropes about the Room,
So he be-nighted, wanders in the Gloom,
In Search of Him on whom his All is plac'd,
In Whom alone all Riches he possess'd.
But search thy Heart, and there thou'lt find the
Cause,
From whence arose thy much lamented Loss ;
There thou wilt find some new-admitted Guest,
With whom thy jealous Love is high displeas'd ;
Drive out that Guest, and he'll return again,
Pardon thy Follies, and relieve thy Pain.



E M B L E M XII.



The Christian, who with Sighs and Groans
 The Absence of his Saviour moans ;
 What exquisite Delight he feels,
 When CHRIST again his Face reveals !

E M B L E M XII.

CANT. iii. 3.

The Soul's Joy on finding CHRIST.

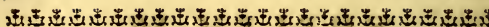
WITH long and painful Toil,
 The Soul had search'd about,
 Ask'd all she met in mournful Stile,
 Yet could not find him out.

She vents her Grief in Tears,
 And fain would Death embrace ;
 Just in that Instant CHRIST appears,
 And shews his smiling Face.

How ravish'd at the Sight !
 She springs into his Arms,
 And holds him fast with all her Might,
 Possess'd of all his Charms.

The MORAL.

When the poor sin-sick Soul has long bemoan'd
 Her Comforts lost, and long in Silence groan'd,
 If she perceives a Ray of heav'nly Grace
 Dart thro' the Gloom, and shew a Saviour's Face,
 With Smiles denoting Pardon, Love, and Peace,
 What Joys ineffable her Powers seize !
 Now she exults, her Weight of Sin remov'd,
 And strongly holds Him whom she long has lov'd ;
 Views him all over with transported Eyes,
 While ev'ry Look declares her secret Joys ;
 Vows that whate'er betide, no more she'll part
 With Him, the gracious Sov'reign of her Heart.



E M B L E M XIII.



Whoever on the World relies
For unsophisticated Joys,
Will be deceiv'd ; in God alone
True, solid Happiness is found.

E M B L E M XIII.

Trust in GOD the greatest Safety.

WHEN Storms tempestuous rage around,
And on thy leaky Vessel beat ;
When raging Winds thy Rigging wound,
And thou canst hardly keep thy Feet :

Happy if then thy Anchor holds
Thy Vessel tight amidst the Storm ;
The Wind that now thy Course controuls,
With all its Roar shall do no Harm.

Thus he who puts his Trust in GOD,
In Danger certain Safety finds ;
Malice may throw her Gall abroad,
Secure he laughs at her Designs.

The M O R A L.

What is the greatest Good this World can boast ?
Riches and Honours---but how quickly lost !
Friends too are often treacherous and base ;
Beauty is waning ; Strength with Age decays.
No solid lasting Happiness we find
In all those Pleasures which bewitch Mankind,
These then rejected, let us next explore
Those Treasures which Religion has in Store.
GOD is alone an everlasting Good,
Worthy alone to be by Man pursu'd.
Sincerely love Him, and obey his Will,
And Joys immortal shall thy wishes fill.



E M B L E M XIV.



Our SAVIOUR's Cross, that cursed Tree !
What gen'rous Fruits it bears for me !
How grateful is its Shadow now !
It yields Repast and Pleasure too.

EMBLEM XIV.

CANT. ii. 3.

CHRIST *the most delightful Shadow.*

WHEN the Sun darts his scorching Beams
Directly on our Heads,
We shelter in the Woods or Streams,
And fly from parched Meads.

Thus when the broken Laws require
The Vengeance of a God,
To what strong Rock shall Man retire,
That yields a safe Abode?

JESUS, our Saviour, on the Tree,
Yields a delightful Shade;
Securely there we rest, and be
Of Vengeance not afraid.

The MORAL.

Wonder of Love! surpassing Reason's Eye!
'Tis Godlike all! and suits the Deity!
Shall Man rebellious, break his Maker's Laws?
Unforc'd, presumptuously, without a Cause?
And yet find Mercy? Can it ever be?
Does Justice sleep? Or not Offences see?
O no! but her Demands are satisfy'd,
And the Law salved when our Saviour dy'd.
Behold Him hanging on the cursed Tree,
And there he nail'd the Sins of thee and me.
But now that Tree a pleasant Shadow yields,
And from the Wrath Divine the Sinner shields.



E M B L E M XV.



In vain we seek for Song and Mirth
In all the Subjects here on Earth ;
In Heav'n alone the thirsty Soul
Will drink her Bowls of Pleasure full.

E M B L E M XV.

The inconsolable Sinner.

WH Y do you urge me thus to sing?
 O why your Books of Musicks bring?
 No---I'm not in a Mood for Song,
 Much sadder Notes to me belong.

For joyous Mirth I have no Room,
 Sighs, Tears and Sorrow are my Doom.
 Will the poor Slave, who's chain'd to ply
 The Oar, confess he's full of Joy?

Can I, a Slave to Sin and Death,
 Waste in a Song my precious Breath?
 Have I, who know my great Offence,
 To tuneful Mirth the least Pretence?

Affure me that my God's appeas'd,
 And from my Burden I'm releas'd,
 Soon shall ye see me tune the String,
 And loud Hosanna's hear me sing.

The M O R A L:

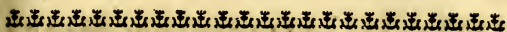
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrows, or with Cares oppress'd,
 Burden'd with Sins, on ev'ry Side distress'd,
 How can I tune to mirthful Song my Voice?
 Or what on Earth is there should me rejoice?
 My Conscience tells me that my Heart is base,
 Nature corrupt, and opposite to Grace;
 My Guilt repeated, and my broken Vows,
 My weak and frail, and sad Condition shews.
 What earthly Objects can my Mind delight?
 My Fancy please, or entertain my Sight?
 None, none at all! 'till Heaven-I arrive,
 Where Songs, and Mirth, and Joy for ever live.



BOOK V. EMBLEM I.



The sweet Delight the Soul receives
From CHRIST, in whom she only lives,
Makes her lament, and sadly mourn
His Absence, till his kind Return.



BOOK V. EMBLEM I.

CANT. v. 8.

Divine Love.

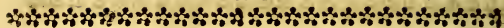
HOW strong is Love divine,
When it's maturely grown!
No other Objects it will join,
'Tis all in all alone.

The sacred flaming Dart,
If once it pierce the Breast,
It strikes its Anguish thro' the Heart,
Nor gives a Moment's Rest.

If CHRIST his Smiles withdraws,
Its Constancy to prove,
Impatient 'tis to know the Cause,
And to regain his Love.

The MORAL.

The humble Soul by Penitence reclaim'd
From sad Relapse, which had her Honour sham'd,
Seeks with unweary'd Steps, by Day and Night,
Again to repossess her dear Delight;
Longs to enjoy those pleasing Scenes anew,
Which her own Follies from her Sight withdrew.
She begs the Prayers of her pious Friends,
And in the Temple constantly attends;
Of those who minister the sacred Word,
Enquires where she may find her dearest Lord:
No Stone she leaves unturn'd, no Means untry'd,
Moves Heav'n and Earth, and will not be deny'd,
'Till his lost Favour she can feel restor'd,
And of his mutual Love is well assur'd.



E M B L E M II.



The Spouse of Christ is sick with Love ;
And what her Sickness can remove ?
If He'll but write a Recipe,
No other Doctor need she see.

EMBLEM II.

CANT. ii. 5.

The Redeemer's Love.

HOW vast was my Redeemer's Love,
When he descended from above!
When He a human Form assum'd,
And to a cruel Death was doom'd!

Of Him no Favours could I claim,
Forfeit to Punishment and Shame;
Pity alone to Man distress'd,
Was the sole Motive in his Breast.

O I am ravish'd with the Thought!
To the third Heavens I am caught!
My Spirits sink! I swoon, I die,
Unless fresh Strength thy Grace supply.

The MORAL.

Who that considers what our Saviour did
For us, when on the cursed Tree he bled;
Who that beholds his sacred Temples bound
With pricking Thorns, contemptuously crown'd;
Who that those Hands, to bless and heal enur'd,
Sees pierc'd with Iron patiently endur'd;
Who hears his Groans, or views his dying Look,
By Men insulted, by his God forsook,
All this for us, us wretched Sinners done,
All this for graceless Rebels undergone,
But must acknowledge, such a Love as this
Merits Returns, if possible, no less?



E M B L E M . III.



Happy's that Soul, and doubly bless'd,
Who by her Saviour is caress'd,
And can with Heart sincere rejoin,
I am my Saviour's, He is mine.

EMBLEM III.

CANT. ii. 16.

The Soul's Union with CHRIST.

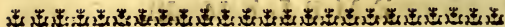
BY Faith he's mine ; I'm his by Vows ;
 Our Union's seal'd above ;
 My Heart's the Altar where still glows
 His Fire from above.

My Lord vouchsafes to be my Guest,
 And is my living Food ;
 With my poor Sacrifice He's pleas'd,
 And I his Friend allow'd.

He made me rich, when Him I chose ;
 He gives me Length of Days ;
 With Wreaths of Grace he crowns my Brows ;
 His Head I crown with Praise.

The MORAL

When once the Heart is purify'd from Sin,
 Th' Affections heav'nly, and the Conscience clean
 When a bless'd Change is wrought upon the Soul,
 And all's subjected to the Gospel Rule ;
 When all within is Love, and Peace, and Grace,
 Happy, thrice happy is the Christian's Case.
 His Faith is lively, and his Hope is strong,
 And loud Hosannahs dwell upon his Tongue.
 Of his dear Saviour's Love he is assur'd,
 And against Death and Pow'rs of Hell secur'd.
 Raptur'd, he cries, sweet JESUS, Thou art mine ;
 With Rapture cries, sweet JESUS, I am Thine.
 O happy Marriage in united Love !
 Join'd here to be consummated above !



E M B L E M IV.



The Man that's warm'd with sacred Love
Of Things immortal and above,
CHRIST will with Pleasure entertain,
And gives him Love for Love again.

E M B L E M IV.

CANT. vii. 10.

The Christian's Loadstone.

TH E trembling Needle seeks the Pole,
 And restless round will ever roll,
 'Till the true Point it find;
 Thus is the pious Soul distress'd,
 And in no Earthly Thing can rest,
 'Till with her Saviour join'd.

The Magnet that her Love inclines,
 And hers to his so closely joins,
 Is his so greatly shewn;
 For, drawn by its attractive Force,
 With all the World she makes Divorce,
 And cleaves to Him alone.

The M O R A L.

The Soul espoused as her Saviour's Bride,
 Proclaims her Love, and joins his faithful Side;
 Owns the choice Gifts He has on her bestow'd,
 And all her Graces are to Him allow'd;
 Ascribes her Beauties, and her lovely Charms
 To Him who first espous'd her to his Arms.
 Now the gay Vanities of Life she treats
 With just Contempt, as bright illusive Cheats.
 In her Esteem, her amiable Lord
 Is to the fairest of Mankind preferr'd.
 She owns her Passion, glories in the Choice,
 And all her Friends invites to share her Joys.
 The Bridegroom too rejoices in his Prize,
 She is all Charms in his delighted Eyes.
 The Praise of each dwells on the other's Tongue,
 And Heav'n resounds to th' Hymeneal Song.



E M B L E M V.



If Love Divine should once but dart
Its Rays into th' enlighten'd Heart,
It melts its Dross, its Gold refines,
And the whole Soul illustrious shines.

EMBLEM V.

CANT. v. 6.

The Meltings of a pious Soul.

UNspeakable the Joys
The pious Soul receives,
When she can hear her Saviour's Voice,
And hearing she believes.

The sacred burning Ray
His gracious Word injects,
Flames in her Breast and melts away
The Dross her Heart affects.

The Pleasures of the World,
Her Love engage no more ;
Her silken Sails are all unfurl'd,
To quit this stormy Shore.

The MORAL.

When Love Divine is kindled in the Soul,
It fiercely burns, nor will admit Controul ;
Its pow'rful Heat each sensual Lust destroys,
And in dethroning Sin its Zeal employs ;
The sterling Bullion from its Dross refines,
And the pure Gold with native Lustre shines.
It purges Nature from its Filth and Mud,
And charms the Eye with ev'ry blooming Good.
The Heart it warms, and lights up ev'ry Grace
And the whole Soul enlivens with its Rays.



E M B L E M VI.



What can these Creature-Comforts do,
 With which we are transported so?
 They're here To-day, To-morrow gone—
 Heav'n has true Happiness alone.

E M B L E M VI.

GOD all sufficient.

LARGE is the World we live upon,
And many Pleasures yields ;
Pleas'd we behold the glorious Sun,
When he his Face reveals :
But neither Earth nor Sun can give
Such Joys as I from GOD receive.
The Sea and Air are both replete
With various Delights,
The Dainties we collect and eat ;
The Days are blest'd with Nights :
But Sea nor Air, nor Fish nor Fowl,
Give Food to an immortal Soul.
My Eyes the spacious Heavens rove ;
Its beauteous Orbs I view ;
I see, methinks, the Joys above,
And glorious Angels too :
Yet there I would not wish to be,
If there my GOD I could not see.

The MORAL.

Unnumber'd Blessings GOD on us bestows,
And the sweet Comforts of the World allows :
Yet as he gives, he takes, and tempers so,
That we may rest on nothing here below.
He shews their Emptiness a thousand Ways,
That we to Him alone may give the Praise.
Tis in Himself true Happiness is found,
And solid Joys in Heav'n alone abound.
All the good Things on Earth we should improve
To fit us for the blissful State above.



E M B L E M VII.



'Trouble, and Care, and Sin and Strife,
Fill up the Christian's Round of Life.
Well may he wish to be releas'd,
And of a happier Portion seiz'd.

EMBLEM VII.

This a troublesome World.

MY Troubles multiply,
And Sorrow is my Lot ;
There's nothing that I hear or see,
But grieves my vexed Thought.

Pleasures, which Men pursue
With so much Eagerness,
Have Stings, which ever make them rue,
And poison all their Bliss.

Riches and Honours have
Each their Anxiety ;
From Pain and Labour, Death and Grave,
No Man can say, he's free.

The MORAL.

How sad and tiresome is the World to him,
Who on a Life to come has built his Scheme !
How dead and tasteless are the Joys that greet
His alter'd Fancy !--he has found the Cheat.
Grandeur and Riches, and such costly Things,
He quits unenvy'd to the Great and Kings,
With all the Guilt and Trouble them attend,
With these he'll not his better Treasures blend.
Sorrows and Cares, in ev'ry Thing he feels,
And ev'ry Object has its lurking Ills.
Temptations from without in Ambush wait,
And Lusts within still snapping at the Bait :
All, all combine to vex and tire him out,
Till Death shall come, and all their Forces rout.



E M B L E M VIII.



O with what Diligence and Care
These dainty Bodies we repair!
Yet a few Years when come and gone,
Grim Death will strip us Skin from Bone.

EMBLEM VIII.

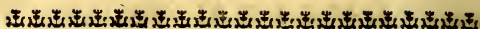
Man is Death's Prisoner.

SEE for what End we feed and clothe,
 Cherish and pamper, please and foothe
 These Bodies made of Clay ;
 Death's Prisoner is ev'ry Man,
 E'er since Mortality began,
 And *Adam* was his Prey.

Thus over Man the Tyrant reigns,
 And proudly all Controul disdains
 All Creatures him obey :
 Yet, Monster, know the Time will come,
 That shall decide thy final Doom,
 And end thy cruel Sway.

The MORAL.

Man was the prime Original of Death,
 Which reign'd e'er since Man forfeited his Breath.
 His Tyranny continues still as great,
 And vaunts his Power is deriv'd from Fate ;
 Strengthen'd by Sin, and domineering Lust,
 Thousands reduces daily to the Dust.
 Of craving, carnal Appetites possess'd,
 With Nature's choicest Cates we are unblest'd ;
 With these we do our pamper'd Bodies feed,
 Yet these are Death's most fructifying Seed.
 But Death, how terrible foe'er he seem,
 And arm'd with Terrors, horrible and grim,
 Yet is the pious Christian's trusty Friend,
 And will Relief from all his Evils send ;
 Opens the Gate to everlasting Bliss,
 Where Sin no more the happy Soul shall tease.



E M B L E M IX.



The Soul is wing'd, but cannot get
 One Inch from Earth, her painful Seat ;
 She strives again, alas ! in vain---
 She quickly feels her heavy Chain.

E M B L E M IX.

Sense a clog to the Soul.

O W H A T a wretched Man am I!
 How chained down to Sense!
 For when to Heaven I would fly,
 I cannot get from hence:
 Earth's heavy Clog, alas! I wear,
 Its Weight's too great for me to bear.

My Words and Deeds, that Good intend,
 Are interrupted still;
 My Sighs and Vows, that up I send,
 Dragg'd down to Earth I feel:
 My God, I spread my Wings in vain,
 Till thou unlink my bolted Chain.

The M O R A L.

What a Load of Flesh the Christian bears!
 Replete with Frailties and distracting Cares.
 Pains and Diseases corporally felt,
 And Conscience burden'd with condemning Guilt,
 Turb the swift Wings of his aspiring Zeal,
 And hang a Clog on his devotion'd Will.
 How earnestly he longs to be dismiss'd
 From these, to be with his Redeemer CHRISL!
 He longs to see that dear and lovely Face,
 Radiant with Glories, beaming ev'ry Grace.
 His ardent Wish is, that he may enjoy
 His Saviour's Presence, nothing to annoy.
 From this World he could be once releas'd,
 With JESUS he shall be for ever bless'd;
 Joys without Measure, and without a Date,
 His Welcome to eternal Mansions wait.



E M B L E M X.



Imprison'd in this Cage of Flesh,
We earnestly Enlargement wish;
In Hopes that God Relief will bring,
The caged Bird its Song will sing.

EMBLEM X.

The Soul like a Bird in a Cage:

MY Soul is like a caged Bird,
That would its Freedom gain;
But with the Bars of Flesh immur'd,
Her Labour is in vain.

Birth was the Key that let her in ;
'Tis Death that lets her out ;
She's held a Prisoner there by Sin ;
And there she hops about.

From Perch to Perch she skips and sings,
If keen-ey'd Faith prevail ;
But Sense will make her hang her Wings,
Her drooping Spirits fail.

From Sense to Hope she leaps away ;
From Hope she jumps to Doubt ;
Restless, she can on nothing stay,
'Till Death shall let her out.

The MORAL.

What various Troubles do the Saints await
While they're confin'd to this unhappy State ?
Expos'd to Scorn, by Tyranny oppress'd,
Scarce for their weary Heads can find a Rest.
Fain would they tune their Souls to chearful Praise,
And Songs of Thanks most willingly would raise :
But who can sing, with Sorrows compass'd round ?
When from a broken Heart did Mirth rebound ?
With Patience wait, and God will bring you Ease,
And change your Troubles into Joy and Peace.



E M B L E M X I.



God is the Spring and living Source,
 From which our Comforts take their Course;
 The thirsty Soul may drink her Fill,
 And come again whene'er she will.

EMBLEM XI.

The Thirsty Soul.

THE Heart that's touch'd with holy Fire,
Is ever burning with Desire;
And by no Earthly Thing it's quench'd,
Tho' in a World of Pleasure drench'd.

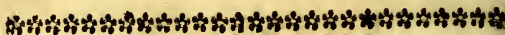
It mounts to Heav'n its native Home,
There where can nothing fordid come;
For Joys invisible it pants,
And a full Draught of Heaven wants.

The hunted Hart, when hot and faint,
Does for the cooling Waters pant:
Ev'n so the Soul, by Sin pursu'd,
Seeks the pure Streams of JESUS' Blood.

As Flowers hang their drooping Heads,
'Till Show'rs descend and wet their Beds;
Ev'n so the thirsty Soul renews
Her Strength refresh'd with heav'nly Dews.

The MORAL.

The sweet Communion which the Soul enjoys,
And her extensive Faculties employs,
When God admits her to a close Converse,
And bids her freely her whole State rehearse,
Exalts her far above all mundane Things,
And to her View a heav'nly Vision brings.
There she could ever dwell, and longs to be
At once from her entangling Fetters free;
With what an eager Spring she'd bound away
From her dark Prison to immortal Day!



E M B L E M XII.



The Christian's Zeal may warmly glow,
 And vig'rous Heat, at Times, may shew ;
 But, 'till the Curtain, Flesh, is drawn,
 His perfect Sun will never dawn.

E M B L E M XII.

Love to GOD surmounts all Things.

THE Fervour of a pious Soul
 Burns with an even, steady Flame ;
 Impatient bears the least Controul ;
 In all Conditions is the same.

JESUS may hide a-while his Face,
 And draw between a dark'ning Veil ;
 Yet still she begs his sov'reign Grace,
 And hopes she shall its Comforts feel.

While Life remains she perseveres,
 Nor deviates from the heav'nly Road ;
 Tho' compass'd round with Doubts and Fears,
 She keeps in View the bless'd Abode.

Nothing-discourages her Faith ;
 Her Hope is always on the Wing ;
 And when the Curtain's drawn by Death,
 To Heav'n she makes a joyful spring.

The M O R A L.

This mortal Cumbrance how it clogs the Soul !
 Her glowing Zeal, by Intervals how dull !
 A thousand Obstacles her Fervour meet
 To quench th' Aspirings of her raptur'd Heat.
 She longs to have the Curtain drawn that has
 Hid from her Eyes the Glories of his Face.
 His gracious Visage too, too long conceal'd,
 With instant Prayer begs to see unveil'd ;
 Transported would she join th' Angelic Choir,
 And mix with theirs her unpolluted Fire.



E M B L E M XIII.



If thou art wing'd with sacred Love,
 Thou need'st no Pinions of a Dove;
 That will at length thy Soul convey
 To Regions of eternal Day.

E M B L E M XIII.

The Soul winged.

L O R D, I am sick of Things below ;
I'm tir'd with earthly Joys :
What have we here but painted Shew ?
What else our Eyes employs ?

How long must I be thus confin'd
To Sorrow, Sin and Pain ?
How long to Sense and Passions join'd,
And all I see be vain ?

O give me Wings to soar above ;
To Heav'n, I'd take my Flight ;
Had I the Pinions of a Dove,
I'd soon be out of Sight.

How would I spurn this Ball of Clay !
Its Dainties how despise !
To Realms of Joy I'd soar away,
To Bliss above the Skies.

The M O R A L . .

Come spread thy Wings, my Soul, and take a
Flight ;

Leave this dark Earth, and spring away to Light.
Nothing is here, but what's for thee too low,
Nothing is here but Misery and Show.

Raise then thy Thoughts to Contemplations high,
Thy chief Concerns are lodg'd above the Skie.

There's God, attended with a shining Band
Of mighty Angels, waiting his Command.

And there's thy Saviour, of his Throne possess'd ;
And there alone's thy everlasting Rest.



E M B L E M XIV.



The Soul, transported, views her Home,
The Heaven, where she hopes to come ;
In Contemplation she is lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

E M B L E M XIV.

The Glory of Heaven.

WOULD Heaven open to our View,
And all its glorious Wonders shew ;
Our feeble Frame could not support
Th' Effulgence of that radiant Court.

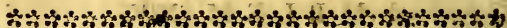
If our weak Eyes scarce bear the Sun,
Intensely shining at his Noon,
How the prodigious Blaze sustain,
That almost gives an Angel Pain ?

No Sun, nor Moon, nor twinkling Star--
No need--for God Himself is there ;
Whose Light immense diffused round,
Reaches Creation's utmost Bound.

Sorrow and Death are Strangers there ;
All's ravishing to Eye and Ear ;
Harmonious Songs their Tongues employ,
And Love and Union crown their Joy.

The M O R A L.

How faint and languid our Ideas rise,
When we contemplate Things above the Skies !
Heav'n is too bright for Reason's weakly Eye ;
'Tis only Faith its Glories can descry.
Faith, Eagle-ey'd, can view these Scenes alone,
Which far out-shine the Brightness of the Sun ;
Which Mortals never did, nor can behold,
And which an Angel's Tongue can scarce unfold ;
Where are Delights too exquisite for Sense,
And where's Satiety without Offence.



E M B L E M XV.



The Soul, inspired from above,
Breathes nothing but the Fire of Love;
Fears nothing, but that lest her Lover
Should prove to her a wand'ring Rover.

EMBLEM XV.

CANT. viii. 14.

CHRIST *and his Spouse.*

SWEET is the Intercourse between
CHRIST and his Spouse: Delightful Scene!

How amiable both!

He seems as if he would be gone,

And leave her to herself alone;

And yet he seems as loth.

She, griev'd He should so soon depart,

Begs He'd be swifter than the Hart,

In his Return to her;

For should he make a long Delay,

Her Soul would faint and die away,

To her he was so dear.

The MORAL.

So fondly the awaken'd Christian loves,

So dearly prizes, and so much approves

The sweet Delights his Saviour's Presence gives,

The secret Pleasures he therein receives,

That the least Absence of his Favour takes

Peace from his Mind, and all his Thoughts distracts.

With Pray'rs and Tears he begs his quick Return,

Bewails himself as wretched and forlorn.

O haste, he cries, my dear Redeemer, haste!

How many dismal Moments must I waste,

E'er thou thy Comforts to my Soul renew?

E'er I again thy lovely Face shall view?

Haste, my Beloved, to my longing Arms,

Reveal again thy Graces and thy Charms.

O let thy Light dispel this dismal Gloom;

Haste, my Beloved; to thy Servant come.



E M B L E M XVI.



The Victory is never won,
 Nor can'st thou wear the glorious Crown,
 'Till thou hast fought the Battle through
 With Sin, and Death, and ev'ry Foe.



E M B L E M XVI.

The Resolute Christian.

MANY the Trials and severe
 A Christian undergoes ;
 Heavy the Burdens he must bear,
 His Portion Sighs and Woes.
 Malice her deadly Venom throws,
 To poison his good Name ;
 Envy his Virtues not allows,
 Nor their acquired Fame.
 His honest Principles profess'd,
 His free and open Soul,
 Of jibing Knaves are made the Jest,
 And Subjects of their Droll.
 He fears a great tremendous God ;
 Religion is his Rule ;
 For this he's scourg'd with Slander's Rod,
 And banter'd for a Fool.
 Reproach is heap'd upon Reproach,
 And new invented Lies ;
 All that malicious Tongues can broach,
 His Name to stigmatize.
 All this he feels, or may expect,
 While impious Men among ;
 But let not these his Soul deject ;
 E'er-while they'll be his Song.
 Then bravely fight the Battle thro',
 And Victory will soon
 Fix on thy bright triumphant Brow
 An everlasting Crown.

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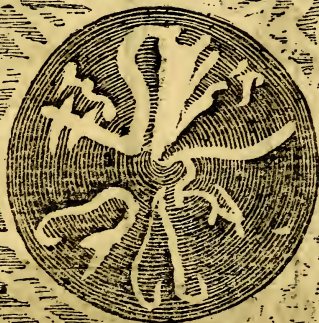
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*Hiæroglyphikes
of the life of Man.*



J. W. Charles.

What thou beholdest here's a Bubble ;
But Man, the Thing that's blown ;
The Winds are Hope, Fear, Joy, and Trouble,
That tofs him up and down.



BOOK VI. HIEROGLYPHICK I.



At first the Candle burns but dim,
 And a mere smoaky Snuff will seem;
 For Life, just kindled in the Mother,
 What is it more than Smoak and Smother?

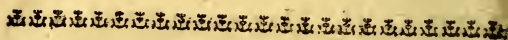
BOOK VI. HIEROGLYPHICK 1.

Man's Origin.

MAN in his Origin
Is animated Clay ;
Form'd and conceiv'd, and born in Sin;
He breaks to Light his Way.
His little Taper burns
But with a weakly Gleam ;
He cries, and eats, and sleeps by Turns ;
His Life is but a Dream.

REFLEXION.

The best of Knowledge is thyself to know ;
On this fair Tree the richest Blessings grow.
Thy first Original know whence deriv'd,
Wrapt up in Sin when in thy Mother hiv'd.
When born, a naked, helpless, crying Child,
With many Spots of tainting Sin defil'd.
Long e're to Reason was thy Sense matur'd,
And long in swaddled Ignorance immur'd.
Thy Candle, placed in a brittle Urn,
Dimly and weak at first began to burn.
Nature, enlighten'd but by slow Degrees,
Objects, imperfectly distinguish'd, sees.
Short is the Time betwixt his Birth and Death,
And may To-morrow draw his latest Breath ;
Flutters a-while upon the busy Scene,
For Pleasure most his Appetite is keen.
The Curtain drawn, the Man no more appears,
The darken'd Stage a gloomy Aspect wears.
The Master, Death, at length has clos'd the Play,
And sent his Audience mournfully away.
At length this Mighty Man, who look'd so brave,
Purs'd in a Coffin, drops into the Grave.



HIEROGLYPHICK II.



How first God lighted up the Soul
 In Man, a Lump of heavy Mould ;
 And how the Soul and Body's join'd,
 Deep searching Reason cannot find.

HIEROGLYPHICK II.

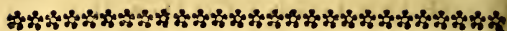
The Soul's Original.

THE Candle's lighted---but from whence?
 What Fire gave the Touch?
 The Soul its Being does commence---
 But how---who will avouch?

Let there be Light --- was the Command
 Which lighted up the Day;
 By the same Breath the Soul is fann'd,
 And vivifies its Clay.

R E F L E X I O N.

That I've a Soul, is evident to me,
 As plainly noted, as I hear and see;
 Else what's this Principle that leads me on,
 A Great, a World-creating God to own?
 What is't instructs me in a Night serene,
 To view and wonder at the glorious Scene?
 Those twinkling Fires so beautifully bright,
 And *Luna's* Orb that silvers o'er the Night?
 Who taught me hence to form an Argument,
 To prove a Pow'r Divine Omnipotent?
 What is this Reason which I feel reflects,
 Virtue commends, and Vice with Scorn rejects?
 Have Beasts this Faculty? Can they discern
 Falshood from Truth, or nice Distinctions learn?
 No, 'tis a Gift peculiar to Man,
 Implanted in him when he first began.
 But how this Candle first received Light,
 And gradually shines in him so bright,
 Our deepest Searches never can explore,
 And must ascribe to an Almighty Pow'r.



HIEROGLYPHICK III.



The Candle's lighted, but I doubt
A Puff of Wind will blow it out ;
Such is our Life; and such our Breath,
Each Moment liable to Death.

HIEROGLYPHICK III.

Death enters with Life.

NO sooner does the Taper shine,
 And spreads its Light about,
 But Death's black Troops their Forces join,
 Resolv'd to put it out;
 With furious Blasts weak Life assail,
 And soon, or late, o'er it prevail.
 The Breath of Man is but a Puff,
 Drawn and return'd with Ease;
 Death takes his Light, and leaves the Snuff;
 At once his Glories cease.
 When Life begins, Death takes his Aim,
 And never fails to kill his Game.

REFLEXION.

Our youthful Candle gives a vig'rous Light,
 And shines with Lustre, sparkling, gay and bright.
 Pleas'd we behold the Objects it reveals,
 And ev'ry Sense its joyful Influence feels.
 But short and flashing is the Flame it shews,
 And puff'd about by ev'ry Wind that blows.
 Life to a thousand Dangers is expos'd,
 And by ten thousand Ways from Being loos'd.
 Seeds of Diseases in the Body lurk,
 Still growing inward as for Death they work.
 What Numbers has the deep-mouth'd Sea devour'd!
 What Numbers fall beneath the murd'ring Sword!
 What dreadful Havock, by Divine Command,
 The Plague has made throughout a guilty Land!
 Nor Sex, nor Age, nor Strength, nor Beauty spar'd,
 All have alike the wasting Judgment shar'd.
 Death with his Dart stands ready at the Door,
 He strikes but once, but then his Stroke is sure.



HIEROGLYPHICK IV.



Snuff not your Candle down too low,
 The more it's trimm'd, the less 'twill shew;
 So of your Bodies be not nice---
 You may, you know, be over-wise.

HIEROGLYPHICK IV.

Nature her own Doctor.

THE Candle too much snuff'd, will lose
 Much of its Light, which weakly grows;
 Endanger'd too by ev'ry Blast,
 A Miracle if it should last!

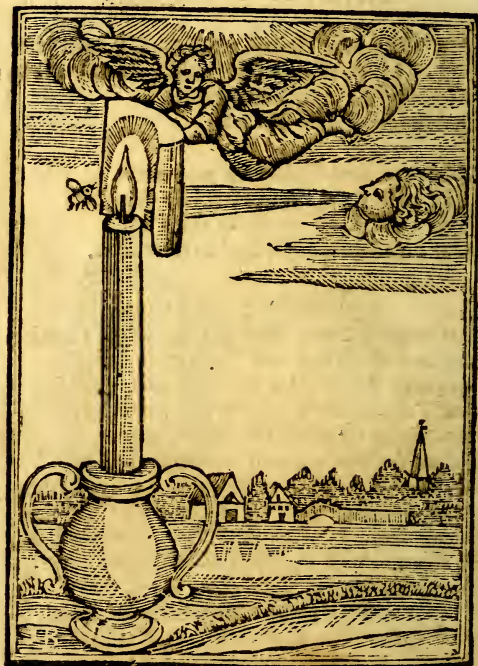
Thus our dear Bodies we may nurse,
 And cook them up to fill a Hearse:
 The Doctor, by his Boles and Pills,
 Our Health destroys, and Nature kills.

REFLEXION.

What mighty Care, what anxious Pains we take,
 That no cross-Winds our Tabernacle shake!
 This crazy Body, how we vamp and mend!
 What Time to keep it in Repair we spend!
 How charily we nurse the Fondling up,
 As if its Welfare was our utmost Hope!
 Yet, much deceiv'd, we take the wrongest Means,
 And by our over Care defeat our Ends.
 The Candle, too much snuff'd, will dimly burn,
 And too much Physick to Diseases turn.
 Luxurious Diet will Distempers breed,
 Inflame the Blood, and Death untimely speed.
 What Numbers by the learned Doctor die?
 The Pill and Bolus tell the Reason why.
 The Air, the Earth, and Sea are searched thro'
 For costly Drugs, when simple Things would do.
 Nature is plain, and modest are her Calls,
 When over-charg'd, her sick'ning Stomach palls;
 Give her but Scope, and Health renew'd she'll see!
 And render useless all the Doctor's Skill.



HIEROGLYPHICK V.



Let *Boreas* blow, the Taper's screen'd,
 Nor can be puff'd by any Wind ;
 Thus the good Man need never fear,
 Since he is still an Angel's Care.

HIEROGLYPHICK V.

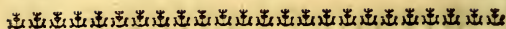
Angels our Guard.

IF Guardian Angels will befriend,
 And Life's weak Taper safe defend
 From the tempestuous Blast,
 If I am Providence's Care,
 No threat'ning Dangers I will fear,
 By such a Friend embrac'd.

Bless GOD, my Soul, with Heart and Tongue,
 Who has preserv'd my Life so long,
 And let me here remain ;
 Long, long e'er this, my busy Head
 Might have been number'd with the Dead,
 And Thou in endless Pain.

R E F L E X I O N.

When a poor pious Christian is distress'd,
 Malign'd, insulted, injur'd, and oppress'd ;
 When wicked Men with Devils are combin'd,
 And in a dire Confederacy join'd
 To work his Ruin, with malicious Spite,
 And leave no Means untry'd, by Day or Night,
 At all their Rage contemptuously he smiles
 Derides their Gins, and tramples on their Wiles.
 Of GOD's Protection he is well assur'd,
 And by his Angels from his Foes secur'd.
 Thus nobly guarded, what has he to fear ?
 So shjelded, well he may their Powers dare.
 He sees by Faith his Guardian Angels round,
 Ready their wicked Counsels to confound.
 Encourag'd thus, his pious Course pursues,
 Fresh Spirits gathers, and his Strength renews ;
 Humbly himself to Providence resigns,
 And gives his Fears and Terrors to the Wind.



HIEROGLYPHICK VI.



Death why so fast? pray stop your Hand,
 And let my Glass run out its Sand:
 As neither Death nor Time will stay,
 Let us improve the present Day.

HIEROGLYPHICK VI.

Time and Death.

TIME is ever on the Wing,
 Death awaits us ev'ry Hour;
 Can we laugh and play and sing,
 Subject to so dread a Pow'r?
 Time and Death for none will stay,
 Not perhaps another Day.
 But tho' Death must have his Will,
 Yet old Time prolongs the Date,
 'Till the Measure we shall fill
 That's allotted us by Fate:
 When that's done, then Time and Death
 Both agree to take our Breath.

REFLEXION.

Nature is regular in ev'ry Part,
 Nor does from her appointed Purpose start.
 To human Passions she has no Regard,
 Complaints and Prayers are by her unheard.
 She points the proper Season we should take,
 And crosses those who this known Rule neglect.
 As Time his Progress never will delay
 To humour Man, nor at his Bidding stay,
 Let him the Lock, which Time wears on his Brow,
 Hold fast, and right improve th' important Now.
 Time he has now, To-morrow may have none,
 For Death may seize him e'er another Sun.
 Pleasure or Bus'ness, whether he pursues,
 Wisely he should the present Moments use;
 But above all th'important Work attend
 On which his future Bliss or Woe depend.
 For Death will soon snuff out the Light of Life,
 Which ends his Labours and his mortal Strife:
 Let us be wise each Moment to improve,
 By this we shall secure the Joys above.

HIEROGLYPHICK VII.



When *Sol's* in his Meridian Blaze,
 No other Lights can shew their Face :
 When God reveals his glorious Light,
 Our brightest Day's as dark' as Night.

HIEROGLYPHICK VII.

The Glory of God unsupportable.

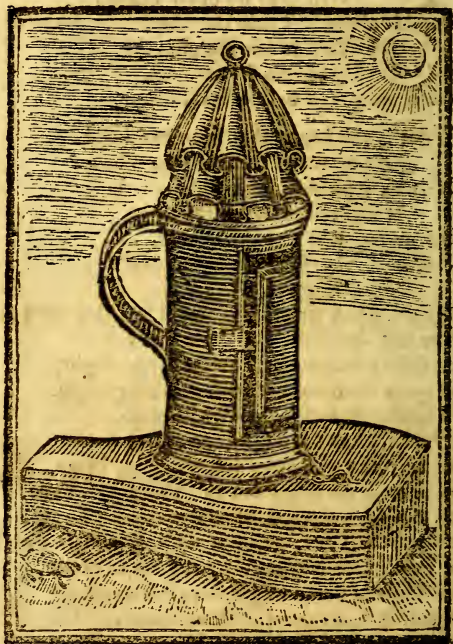
THE glorious Sun's Meridian Ray
 Will bear no other Light;
 For He alone will rule the Day,
 Unrivall'd in his Height:
 All lesser Lights his Power own,
 Obsequious veil before his Throne.

What is the Light that Man can boast,
 Lord, when compar'd to Thine?
 It is extinguished and lost,
 If thy full Glory shine:
 No mortal Eye e'er yet beheld,
 Nor can, thy Glory when reveal'd.

REFLEXION.

O God! when we employ our Thoughts on Thee,
 We're lost, bewilder'd in Immensity.
 Thy Glory dazzles Reason's weakly Sight,
 And quite confounds it with amazing Light.
 If Angels, perfect in so high Degree,
 Veil their bright Visage impo ent to see
 The full, the glorious, and refulgent Blaze,
 Too fiercely darting from th' Almighty's Face,
 How can we wretched Mortals glance a Look
 Half-way to Thee, and not with Blindness struck!
 Our Pow'rs are weaken'd by the Force of Sin,
 And Mists of dark'ning Errors intervene.
 Prevailing Lusts our Faculties obscure,
 Our Nature is debas'd, our Thoughts impure.
 To the Allurements of the World resign'd,
 Our Thoughts and Prospects are to them confin'd.
 O with some bright'ning Ray dispel our Night,
 Our dark'ned Souls irradiate with thy Light.
 Give us some distant Glympe of what shall be
 Our Heav'n of Glory to Eternity.

HIEROGLYPHICK VII.



The Sun eclips'd, appears forlorn ;
 A Candle in a darken'd Horn
 Helps none ; and such that Merit is
 Which none but its Possessor sees.

HIEROGLYPHICK VIII.

The Dark-Lanthorn.

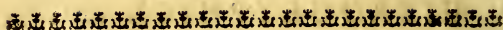
BY a Dark-Lanthorn who will say
 He right his Steps directs?
 The Light within no Beams convey,
 Nor splendid Rays reflects.

Thus he who is with Talents blest'd
 Superior to Mankind,
 Yet if he hides them in his Breast,
 Who can their Merits find?

The heav'nly Gifts on him bestow'd,
 For great and noble Ends,
 Are lost, nor can produce one Good,
 Nor make him any Friends.

REFLEXIONS

Example teaches more than Precepts can;
 And Man is set a Looking-glass for Man.
 Reason will use her Arguments in vain,
 Few Profelites her Rhetorick will gain
 To Virtue's Cause, if Virtue don't appear
 In lively Action at the Pleader's Bar.
 Her Beauties told, the Ear a Moment charm,
 But by the Eye alone the Heart they warm.
 Goodness concealed can no Merit claim,
 And is no better than an empty Name.
 'Tis Action only sets its Value forth,
 Shews its fair Beauties, and proclaims its Worth.
 A Treasure hidden, is by none enjoy'd,
 Talents are useless which are unemploy'd.
 We may as well the Name of CHRIST disown,
 Unless his Doctrines in our Lives are shewn.



HIEROGLYPHICK IX.



Scarce more than Smoak the Candle gives,
When it the feeble Light receives:
What is an Infant when it's born?
A Creature naked and forlorn.

HIEROGLYPHICK IX.

Infancy and Childhood.

TH E Spoon and Cradle suit the Child,
 And Toys and Rattles make it smile;
 The Breast does all its Wants supply,
 There is its Wealth and only Joy.

The Cradle quitted, next of Course,
 A jointed Dol, or Hobbihorse,
 A squeaking Trump, or Whistle please,
 And with its Fancy well agrees.

Its Time in Trifles it employs,
 And Bawbles makes its Heart rejoice:
 Thus are ten Years of Life consum'd,
 To waste, and simple Actions doom'd.

R E F L E X I O N.

When Life begins its swift and short Carrier,
 Nor Strength nor Art it has its Course to steer.
 The speechless Infant utters nought but Cries:
 Quite helpless in its Mother's Lap it lies.
 Its Mouth is unsupplied by its Hands;
 Its tender Body's wrapt in swadling Bands;
 Its gristly Bones not harden'd into Strength,
 Its Legs can only stretch a little Length.
 Much Time is spent e're Reason peeps abroad,
 Or e're the lisping Tongue its Thoughts unload.
 A Go-cart helps its little Feet along,
 It's lull'd asleep with Nurse's dreaming Song.
 Anon a Baby or a Hobbihorse,
 And other tinsel Gewgaws come in Course.
 'Tis thus our first Ten Years in waste we spend,
 In childish Trifles, and to no solid End.

HIEROGLYPHICK X.



Youth is a giddy, hair-brain'd Thing,
 And seems as born to laugh and sing;
 Joy is its Bent; but Thought and Care
 Let older Heads and Shoulders bear.

HIEROGLYPHICK, X.

YOUTH.

NOW the Youth's arriv'd at Twenty,
 Frisking, playing, wild and gay
 If of Riches he has Plenty,

These by Handfuls throws away.
 Money was not made to hoard,
 Pleasures are by it procur'd.

Now he plies the chearful Bottle ;
 Now a *Venus* he adores ;
 In a Coach you see him rattle,
 And along the Streets he scours :
 Just like an unmanag'd Horse,
 Never keeps a steady Course.

REFLEXION.

Now Twenty Years are told ; the Youth's a Man ;
 And he has run two Inches of his Span.
 His Blood now nimbly courses thro' his Veins,
 And vig'rous Life all thro' his Nature reigns.
 Headlong he drives along the flow'ry Way,
 Where Pleasure leads, and where the Graces play.
 With *Bacchus* he his jovial Soul regales,
 And future Evils on himself entails.
Venus his Goddess too, must be ador'd ;
 A Youth without a Mistress looks absurd.
 His Hours are spent in Gaiety and Love,
 Resolv'd the various Joys of Life to prove.
 Thoughtless he ranges on from Scene to Scene,
 Wild in his Course, his Passions feel no Rein ;
 'Till by the Experience he has dearly bought,
 He sees his Errors, and is better taught.

HIEROGLYPHICK XI.



The Youth is now advanc'd to Man;
 And thirty merry Years has ran;
 Reason must now assume her Place,
 And plan the Method of his Race.

HIEROGLYPHICK XI.

MANHOOD.

NOW the Youth's a Man complete,
 And his Reason is mature ;
 Now he sees what's Good and Great,
 What will Happiness procure.

If Ambition fire his Soul,
 Arms and Battles sweetly sound ;
 Who his Courage can controul,
 'Till with Laurels he is crown'd ?

If a studious Life he chuse,
 Close he plies his Book and Pen ;
 Thus devoted to the Muse,
 Soon he'll rank with learned Men.

REFLEXION.

Now he is ripen'd into proper Age,
 And Thirty Years has acted on the Stage.
 His Strength's mature, his Senses are in Prime,
 To swig full Draughts of Pleasure now's his Time ;
 Yet with more Caution than he did before,---
 He views the Dangers e're he trusts the Shore.
 Ambition now begins to prune her Wings,
 And in his Ears the Trumpet's Clangor rings.
 Honour invites him to the sanguine Field,
 Where noble Fame shall crowning Laurels yield.
 Or rural Sports his jocund Heart rejoice,
 Hears the ton'd Horn, and Beagles jolly Noise ;
 Mounts his brave Steed, and follows to the Chace,
 Nor Hedge nor Ditch his winged Courser stays.
 Thus as his Genius leads, or Passions rule,
 He strives to please the Humour of his Soul.



HIEROGLYPHICK XII.



At Forty we become sedate,
 Steady in Action or Debate ;
 Error and Truth distinctly know,
 And then are wise, if ever so.

HIEROGLYPHICK XII.

THE MIDDLE-AGE.

Middle-Age.

HOW steady burns the Taper, Life,
 When Youth by Age is cool'd!
 Reason and Passion end their Strife,
 By Wisdom over-rul'd.

The Man, by long Experience taught,
 To ripen'd Knowledge grows;
 His Judgment chuses what it ought,
 Nor is deceiv'd by Shews.

His calm Reflection what is past
 Impartially reviews;
 Condemns the Follies once embrac'd,
 And Truth alone pursues.

R E F L E X I O N.

To sober Forty he at length's arriv'd;
 Wonder of Mercy that so long he's liv'd!
 Reflective Reason now assumes her Place,
 And passes Judgment on his former Days;
 Sees all the Follies of his passed Youth,
 Discerns his Errors, and adheres to Truth.
 If Virtue was the Object he pursu'd,
 With double Pleasure he enjoys the Good.
 If Vice and Folly have engross'd his Prime,
 Resolv'd Amendment shall redeem his Time.
 With steady Purpose he what's Good selects,
 What's Bad, with Resolution firm rejects.
 By long Experience taught, Mankind he knows,
 Nor can their Fallacies on him impose.
 Firm is his Faith, and fixed as a Rock,
 And bears unmoved the severest Shock.

HIEROGLYPHICK XIII.



The Sun from his Meridian Height
 Gradual descends with weaker Light:
 Of Fifty turn'd, Man down-hill goes,
 'Till a mere Shade on Earth he grows.

HIEROGLYPHICK XIII.

Declining Age.

ABOVE one Half my Taper's gone ;
 My Noon of Life is past ;
 The Fruit falls off, tho' lightly blown ;
 I travel down in Haste.

I feel my Vigour in Decay ;
 My strong-wrought Nerves unbrace ;
 My Limbs will not my Will obey ;
 I must give o'er the Chace.

To Youth and Manhood both adieu ;
 Me long you have employ'd ;
 Your choicest Pleasures I review,
 No more to be enjoy'd.

REFLEXION.

To Fifty Man with much ado is come ;
 Above Half-way he's travell'd to his Home.
 The Road is down-hill now, he'll walk a-pace ;
 Soon he'll have run his long and labour'd Race ;
 His wasting Candle more than half is gone ;
 His sprightly Morning's spent ; 'tis Afternoon.
 The Fruits when ripen'd on their Mother-Tree,
 In Autumn falling to the Ground we see.
 Thus Man, so far advanc'd, will surely feel
 His stiff'ning Joints reluctant to his Will.
 His wasted Juices will no more afford
 Those strength'ning Succours which to Life accord.
 High Time it is Accounts he should adjust
 Betwixt his Soul and God, and see his Trust
 Be well discharg'd, and what are his Arrears,
 That Death may not arrest him in his Fears.



HIEROGLYPHICK XIV.



Sixty is come, with Silver Locks,
 Death at his Door gives warning Knocks ;
 Nature and Strength are both decay'd ;
 His Death-bed too is ready made.

HIEROGLYPHICK XIV.

Old Age.

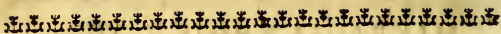
LOW is the wasted Taper grown,
Which late so vigorously shone;
'The lengthen'd Snuff does dimly burn,
And soon will sink into its Urn.

Death shakes the Tree with clasping Arms,
The Fruit and Leaves fall off in Swarms;
Naked are left the Trunk and Boughs,
Expos'd to ev'ry Wind that blows.

So Man at Sixty when arriv'd,
Of all his Glory is depriv'd;
For then his Strength and Beauty's gone,
And nothing's left but Skin and Bone.

R E F L E X I O N.

Sixty is come, with all its Frailties too,
A bending Body, and a furrow'd Brow.
The Tree now quivers with a Zephyr's Breath;
The Fruit and Leaves fall off--'tis shook by Death.
Forward he looks, and there the Gráve espies,
Another Step or two, and in he lies.
If he reviews his various Scenes of Life,
What can he see but Folly, Sin and Strife?
If on the Stage he acted well his Part,
'Twill be a chearing Cordial to his Heart;
Chearful he goes descending to the Grave,
His Body's Rest, and Heav'n his Soul will have.



HIEROGLYPHICK XV.



The Sun at last is sunk below,
 A feeble Glimmer's all his Shew :
 So Man, to Seventy arriv'd,
 Can only say, *I once have liv'd.*

HIEROGLYPHICK XV.

Man's last Stage.

TH E Snuff has almost reach'd its Urn ;
 Cloudy and thick its Light ;
 Dimly you see the Taper burn ;
 'Twill soon be out of Sight.

So Man advanced to the Stage
 Of Threescore Years and ten ;
 Worn out with Labour, Cares, and Age,
 By Death must close the Scene.

His manly Brow, where Dignity
 Sate bravely on her Throne,
 Furrow'd with Wrinkles here we see,
 A ghastly Visage grown.

His Head and Hands, with Palsey shook,
 Their Offices have lost ;
 His feeble Legs, and fearful Look,
 Is all his glorious Boast.

R E F L E X I O N .

Another Inch of Candle left ? there is,
 Tho' now reduc'd almost to Snuff and Lees.
 For what is Man to Seventy Years arriv'd ?
 What can he say, but that *I once have liv'd*.
 His sapless Trunk, now wither'd and decay'd,
 What is it but an Even-lengthen'd Shade,
 When *Phæbus* sinks below this Hemisphere,
 And only some weak scatter'd Rays appear ?
 Ev'n such is Man, by hoary Age o'ertook,
 By Strength and Vigour, and his Limbs forsook.
 His boasted Glory can no more be seen,
 And soon he'll be, as tho' he ne'er had been.

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